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Our Children.

As the fragrance of the roses,
As it floats upon the breeze:
As the voice of feathered songster,
As it warbles from the trees;
As the singing of the brooklet,
As it murmurs through the vale;
As the song of birds at even,
With their soft and pensive wail;
As the glory of the morning,
When the sun dispels the gloom;
As the beauty of the landscape,
When it's clad in early bloom;
As the beauty of the diamond,
When it sparkles in the light,—
Are the voices of our children,
As they sweetly say, "Good-night!"

An Old Man's New Year's Song.

I will not stir abroad to-day,
But find at home what cheer I may.
Old men like me are out of date;
Who wants to see a grizzled pate?
If silver hairs were locks of gold,
I might be as I was of old;
For then my dead would all be here,
And that would make a happy Year!

The old man now, the young man then—
Are we the same, or different men?
One sits at home with slippered feet;
The other braves the driving sleet;
His light heart suits itself with wine—
It will not warm this heart of mine;
One sees the bridal, one the bier,
And each, in his own way, the Year.

Where are the friends I used to know—
Ned, Fred—not many years ago,
Whose glass clinked mine amid the din
Of—Old Year out and New Year in?
"Dead rhymes with Ned," the Master said—
Himself among the Masters dead;
Alack! and drear, and fear, and tear—
Methinks all sad words rhyme with Year!

Some one, perhaps, will care for me
When I no longer hear or see.
I hope my little man of ten,
When he shall take my place with men,
Will think about me in the grave—
If only for the gifts I gave—
And say, "If father was but here,
It would be such a happy Year!"

Peace, old man, peace! and cease this song,
Which does the merry season wrong.
You have the sweetness of regret—
The friendships you remember yet;
You have what time will not destroy—
The love of your remembering boy:
These surely are enough to cheer
The morning of the saddest Year.

—R. H. Stoddard.

THE COOK'S BOY.

Our ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sam's naval architecture. After the hammocks had been "piped down," a knot of old ocean's hardy sons collected beneath the topgallant forecastle, which place was their regular "forum." Old Ben. Miller, our second boatswain's mate, had been quite sober and thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the occasion of it, he said that he had seen something that brought to his mind a thrilling circumstance of by-gone days We knew there was a yarn on the tapis; and collecting about the old mate, we awaited its delivery. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and then charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commenced; and this is the yarn he spun:—

"It is now fifteen years ago that I was a foremast hand on board the old ship 'Hunter.' She was from New York, and bound to India. A man by the name of Adam Warren, who was one of the owners, had taken passage, and with him were his wife and daughter. The latter was one of the sweetest, prettiest little creatures I ever saw, only about twelve years old, and as blithe as a lark. They called her Judith. Oh, it would have done your souls good to have seen her skipping about the deck!—now hiding in a coil of rigging; now pulling at some rope, and then clapping her little dimpled hands as she repeated the orders of the captain. Her merry laugh ran through the ship like the notes of our own native robin, and the sun seemed to envy her brightness. Her father was one of your business men—a right down dollar hunter, who didn't seem to care for much else than the purchase and sale of his cargo; and as long as his child was well and happy, he seemed to take but little notice of her; though, I must say, he was a kind-hearted man when you could bring it out. Judith's mother was one of your city aristocracy—a proud, overbearing woman, who seemed to think there was nobody of any consequence only herself—and the smell of tar made her sick. When she was on deck, she always kept a smelling-bottle at her nose, and I tell you the truth when I tell you that her nose was fairly cockbilled by her eternal snuffing at that same bottle.

"We had a boy on board named Luke Winship, only fourteen years old, who had been put into the galley to help the cook. He was a noble little fellow, though we hadn't then exactly found it out.

"One evening, after we had entered the southern tropics, Luke was sitting upon a spar that was lashed against the galley, and Judith Warren came along and sat down by his side.

"'What makes you look so sober, Luke?' she asked, in a silvery tone of real kindness.

"'I was thinking, Miss Judith,' returned the cook's boy; and as he spoke, he gazed into the face of the girl as though she was one whom he could almost worship.

"'Don't call me miss. I don't like it, Luke. But tell me what you were thinking about. If I ever have troubles, it always does me good to tell them to somebody. Now tell me yours.'

"'It couldn't interest you, Judith, to hear the story of a poor boy like me.'

"'Oh, yes, it could!' the little girl cried, clapping her hands together with much earnestness. 'You were thinking of your father and mother.'

"'Alas! I have none.'

"'No parents?'

"'No!'

"'Then you were thinking of your brothers and sisters.'

"'I have no relations on earth, Judith!' As Luke said this, he drew his greasy sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the drops that were springing forth.

"The little girl gazed into Luke's face with a look of pity and sorrow that seemed to make her tender heart bleed.

"'Tell me your story. Come, do,' she said; and she laid her hand so affectionately upon the boy's arm, and looked so kindly at him, that he began to weep again.

"'It is but a short story—a few words will tell it all,' Luke returned, as he struggled like a giant to keep back his emotions. 'My mother died when I was only four years old, and before my father had taken the mourning weed from his hat, he, too, was laid in the cold grave. They were both of them kind parents; and after my father was buried, I sat upon his grave all night long and cried. O Judith, you don't know what it is to lose a father or mother! but to lose them both! Yes, you know something how you would feel. In the morning they came and took me away from the little churchyard, and a man who lived near the cottage my father had hired, gave me some breakfast.

"'My parents were very poor; and after the funeral expenses were paid there was not a cent left. I knew of no relations, I knew not that I had one on earth, and I was sent to the almshouse! There I staid till I was nine years old, and during that time I suffered more than words can ever tell. It wasn't bodily suffering, for I had enough to eat and drink, and clothes enough to wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year, but I wasn't like the other school-boys. I was a poor-house child, and they shunned me. If they had done no more than this, I should have been content; but they taunted me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage. If they had known what pain their words gave me, I don't believe they would have spoken them; but they knew not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelty of their sneers.'

"'Poor Luke!' murmured Judith; and when the boy looked into her face, he found that she was weeping.

"'At length,' he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, 'an old farmer took me from the almshouse, and set me at work upon his farm. At first I felt very thankful, but soon found that I was worse off than before; for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hard-hearted woman, and she often beat me. That was worse than all the rest, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I staid with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse, and often, when I went up to my little bed in the garret of the barn, did I pray that I might die before I awoke again. But I lived on, and I lived only to suffer. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer. One dark, stormy night I secured a few crusts of bread, and after the folks had retired, I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I traveled on, and although I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get some chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing. I told my story to Captain Flaton, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help, at times, thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed her dying blessing; and I can see the pallid cheek and sunken eyes of my father as he took me by the hand and made me promise that I would ever be honest and virtuous. God knows I have most faithfully kept that promise, and I always will.'

"Little Judith wept as though she had herself suffered all she had heard; but she was not the only one who had heard Luke's story; for, as he closed it, Mr. Adam Warren moved carefully away from the other side of the galley, where he had been standing all the while.

"At this moment, Mrs. Warren came up from the cabin, in a terrible flurry, in search for her child.

"'Where is Judith?'

"'Here I am, mamma.'

"Mrs. Warren started forward, and saw her child just rising from the side of Luke.

"'What on earth are you doing here?'

"'Luke has been telling me a story,' returned the little girl, as her mother led her aft.

"'Don't you let me see you talking with that dirty boy again. It's horrible, Judith, for you to be contaminated with such low, filthy company!'

"Luke heard those words, and I could see the heaving of his bosom, and the quivering of his lip, as they fell upon his ear. He arose and went into the galley, and pulled the door to after him.

"We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. It was in the afternoon. The old ship was under double-reefed topsails and reefed courses, with the wind blowing hard on the larboard quarter. Little Judith was on the poop, holding on upon the weather mizzen topmast backstay. Her father was there, too, and he was gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to the windward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been months in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively, those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of itself. Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay; but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let go her hold and started toward her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter; she reeled and staggered beneath the blow; Judith was dashed to leeward, and on the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry and sprang to the lee shrouds. The men gazed into the boiling surge where the broken sea was whirling in one wild vortex, but they dared not brave the mad terrors of the scene.

"'O God! My child, my child!' cried the frantic father; and while yet he strained his eyes upon the place where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him, and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.

"'Cut away the life-buoy!' shouted Captain Flaton. 'Cut it away quick! Both of them! Down with the helm! Give them a surge to leeward! Cut away the boat-lashings! All hands on deck here! Who'll go in the boat? Spring to the head braces!'

"All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first in the stern-boat; I was the second, and five more quickly followed. We got out the oars, and then the falls were eased carefully off till the boat touched the water. We unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear into ship's head yards were braced sharp up, the mainsail clewed up, and she was laying-to with her main-topsail aback.

"Luke struck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was surely superhuman to him, he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose and fell upon the bosoms of the long waves. Both the life buoys were driven past them. Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver, and twice his head sank beneath the surface of the running sea; but as he arose the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip, and soon they were both safe in the boat.

"We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but the husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejoiced mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.

"It was sometime before Luke recovered; but when he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was now allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; public opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.

"We anchored in the Hoogly, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day, I saw him not again. Shipmates, you noticed that man with whom I was talking on the quarter-deck this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes," we all returned.

"And you noticed that splendid looking woman by his side?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, "that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business in New York, and is up here on business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him to-morrow. 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the hand, 'I am rich, but I have never forgotten, nor broken, that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed.' And, shipmates, I don't believe he ever has."

As the old boatswain's mate closed his yarn, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterward we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story; but I could see that the sentiments it inculcated had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

A London Fog.

If we may judge from a London letter we in this country know little of fogs. The writer says: This has been a week of fog—the densest and darkest known for several years—and people are still coughing and gasping from the poisonous effects of the villainous mixture of gas and coal dust which has been pumped into their lungs. Business has been more than half suspended. The fog was not confined to the streets, but penetrated into warehouses and offices, so that even with gas and candles it was scarcely possible to read or write. This is of course a very busy time, and the docks are full of ships waiting to discharge their cargoes, but while the fog lasted, nothing could be done in this way. Navigation was entirely stopped on the Thames and the canals. Many omnibuses gave up running; and cabs could only make their way through the town with the help of a torch-bearer at the horse's head. On the whole, people in the city have not had a pleasant time of it. To breathe a suffocating and poisonous atmosphere; to have to grope about the streets in a darkness more impenetrable than that of night; and when half-blinded with the stinging vapor, to be exposed to the onslaught of erratic vehicles, makes up the sum of human misery. There was a pressure of running trains, as usual, on the railways; but most of them were an hour or so late in starting, and they only crawled on, with frequent stoppages, amid the incessant banging of fog signals, so that they were several hours late in reaching their destinations. The railways now traverse all parts of the metropolis, and from the detonations constantly going on, the inhabitants might have fancied that they lived in a bombarded city. There have, of course, been a great number of accidents, collisions on railways, plate-layers run over while fastening fog signals on the rails, people run down in the streets, people tumbling into the docks and into the canals, and all kinds of pitfalls. Yet, after all, the number is less than might have been expected. The fat animals at the cattle show suffered most, and many had to be killed, while others were removed in a dangerous state. Fattened up to a point at which they can only just breathe, the wretched creatures have enough to do to live in a pure atmosphere, and the fog simply choked them. Theatres, concert halls, and other places of amusement were all filled with the irrepressible mist, so that the stage was dimly seen amid the blaze of gas, and singers warbled, as it were, out of a cloud. Altogether the loss inflicted on London must have amounted to some hundreds of thousands of pounds. Nothing makes a great city so helpless as an infliction of this kind.

A Singular Story.

More than twenty years ago, says a St. Louis paper, V. P. Coolidge, a young physician of excellent standing in the city of Waterville, Maine, murdered Edward Matthews, a rich cattle drover, by enticing him alone into his office to take a drink of brandy which he had mixed with prussic acid, and then to make sure work of the man who had befriended him on many occasions, he beat him on the head with a hatchet until life was extinct. The body was discovered, and Coolidge was arrested on suspicion, and after a long and exciting trial, and upon the direct evidence of a young student of his by the name of Flint, he was convicted and sentenced to one year's solitary confinement, and then to be hung. During his confinement his sister, a young and beautiful girl, was permitted to visit him; but his health gradually gave way, and before the year expired his death was announced, he was buried and for the time forgotten. The warden of the prison resigned his position, married the young lady above referred to, and moved to parts unknown. Not long after the gold excitement opened in California, a gentleman who was conversant with the case and who had followed others to the gold regions, sent his deposition that he had seen and conversed with V. P. Coolidge. This caused considerable excitement and the body supposed to be his was exhumed, and his father testified that it was not his son. Officers were at once put on his track by Matthews' friend, but were unsuccessful, and until a few days since nothing has ever been heard of the murderer. Recently a party traveling through this State met a gentleman who knew the early history of the matter, and was at the trial, and he stated he had met Coolidge frequently within the last two years, traveling under an assumed name, that he recognized him at sight, and charged him with being the man; that he at first denied it, but finally acknowledged his identity and informed him of all the important facts connected with the escape, as follows: He ate very sparingly, feigned sickness, and finally a body was procured from Portland and interred as his remains, and he was furnished with money and started for New Orleans, where he remained but a short time and left, and since that time has been traveling almost constantly, never stopping long in any one place; and the gentleman referred to as having met him in the northern part of the State gave it as his positive belief that, from the description of the leader of the Iowa train robbers, it was no other than the escaped murderer, V. P. Coolidge.

Cannibalism in Feejee.

Australian papers state that their latest news from Feejee was to the effect that the rebellious tribes of mountaineers in Feejee had not yet been suppressed by King Cakobu's troops. On the Ba coast there have been some sharp fights. In one of these, which occurred on the 19th of July, near Na Cuta, a mountain town, two white planters, Philip Jack, of the Ba river, and Gresham, of Raki Raki, were killed by the rebels, and four other settlers were wounded. The Feejee *Times*, in an account of this fight, says there were several natives killed and wounded on the Government side, and a great number also on the Kal Colos (the mountaineers). The forces had to make their attack up a steep hill. Awaiting them, the Kal Colos lay safely ensconced until the troops approached, when a front and flank fire was opened on them by the mountaineers; and then the opposing forces met in a hand-to-hand encounter, in which bayonets, axes and clubs did deadly work. The struggle was too hot to last long, however, and the Kal Colos threw away their weapons and everything they had and ran for their lives. Two or three whites, with a number of natives, followed them up toward Na Cula, shot several in the chase, and three in the town, which the Kal Colos set fire to before the Government party reached it.

Three natives of the Government force had been shot a day or two before, and taken to the town to be cooked and eaten. Their heads were found stuck upon sticks, and their bones placed on the side of the path, in sight of every passer-by. There were hundreds of bones in the town which had been cooked long before. The notorious Rokoqera and his uncle, who, it is said, murdered Macintosh and Spiers, have at last been killed and eaten. One of the Na Lotu tribe (friendlies) came across one of these two, wounded in the leg, and took sweet revenge for the Na Lotu man who had been driven out of his home some years past by this man and his tribe. Na Lotu spat on his hand and said: "You burnt my town, did you?" and then made a blow at his head with a battle-axe, and purposely missed his mark. He again spat on his hands, "You killed my people, did you?"

He kept on tantalizing his victim for some time until he saw more men coming up, when, for fear of having the pleasure taken out of his hands, he chopped off the poor wretch's head, then his arms and legs, and cut his body into convenient pieces for carrying away. He took the head to the creek, washed it, and brought it to the camp that the rest of them might be satisfied as to its identity. Rokoqera was also cut up into pieces and brought in. One of the missionaries would have them buried, but at night the pieces were dug up and taken, with several other bodies, to a respectable distance from the whites and cooked, the bukola lali (cannibal drum) being beaten all the time, inviting those who might feel inclined to come to the feast. It is very evident that the Kal Colos have got such a lesson that they never dreamt of. They are already commencing to quarrel among themselves; those who had nothing to do with the murders of the Burns family are accusing those who did the deed of bringing all this trouble upon them by murdering the white men.

Intelligent Farming.

At the annual festival of the Norfork, Mass., Agricultural Society, this fall, president Clark, during his address, made allusion to the profits of farming, as carried on by a few of his acquaintances. Senator Boutwell, who is away in Washington most of the year, manages a farm in Massachusetts, and claims to have cleared $1,290 last year off his farm above expenses. Another acquaintance, a graduate of Harvard College, is making butter that sells readily at seventy-five cents a pound. He makes the butter, skims his own milk, and is proup of making a good living of farming. Then he feeds the skimmed milk with corn-meal to hogs, and sells the pork at twenty cents a pound to people who don't like to think of eating pork or lard that is either raised or cured at the West. The thought of "whole hog lard" is not very appetizing to a weak stomach. Another large and intelligent farmer, near Worcester, keeps cows that give rich milk, which he sells *pure* to customers who are glad to pay nine cents a quart in summer and ten cents in winter, because they know it is rich and pure. He makes a good article, fixes a price that covers cost, and leaves a margin for profit, and finds buyers for all he makes. The average farmers are too careless about the quality of their production. It costs really but a trifle more to raise and prepare for market a first-class article than it does to produce a second or third rate one, and the difference in the price obtained is often very great. A bushel of large potatoes usually costs less for labor than a bushel of small ones; while the large ones are salable at a profit, the small ones often don't pay the labor bills.

A fruit-tree overloaded with fruit will not yield a harvest that will sell for as much money as half of it would if the other half had been removed at the proper time. A hundred pounds of apples or pears are worth much more in 100 than in 200 specimens. A thousand pounds of beef is worth in one animal from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than if in two animals. A pair of plump well-dressed chickens will find a market at a much higher figure than a pair of blue, lean, half-plucked ones will, even if of the same weight. Eggs are now selling in Boston markets at thirty cents per dozen for shipped, while fresh country eggs, brought in by farmers and sold direct to the consumers, readily bring forty cents. The difference on a single dozen seems rather insignificant, but on a year's production from only fifty hens the difference would pay the subscription on all the newspapers the farmer's family would care to take. Last year the apple crop of New England was immense. Thousands of bushels rotted because they were not worth the cost of gathering and marketing. The trees were overloaded, and of course the fruit was most of it under size. At harvest-time a barrel of Baldwins, or greenings, or russets, could be bought in almost any orchard for a dollar. At the same time, large, fair Western apples brought from three to five dollars. In such a year the sale would, of course, be limited, yet there were buyers for such apples in every city.

Not Very Sensible.

A little tale in a Detroit paper illustrates the noble ambition of the unfeathered biped when he is animated by a great purpose and inspired by lofty determination.

Some time ago four men seated themselves around a table in a Larned street saloon, to play a game of cards for a half-starved turkey that none of them would have accepted as a gift, paying fifty cents each for the privilege, the loser to pay the drinks for six persons. At midnight each couple had owned that turkey seven times, the bartender had collected $10.40 of the quartette, and the turkey was so nearly dead that he couldn't say "quit."

Bazaine's Place of Seclusion.

The Isle de Sainte Marguerite—The Man in the Iron Mask.

Marshal Bazaine, of France, has commenced his term of 30 years' seclusion, in accordance with the terms of the punishment fixed by Marshal MacMahon. The Isle de Sainte Marguerite, where he is to take up his lengthened residence, is on the Mediterranean coast of France, opposite Cannes and about two miles and a half from the shore. It lies close to the Italian frontier, and is one of the group of two isles called Lerins. Ste. Marguerite is of small extent, is covered with wood, and the climate, as may be inferred from its position, is of a salubrious character. Bazaine does not exactly go into exile, nor is he to suffer the ignominy of being transported to a penal colony. He will always have in view the coast of France, and close at hand are many towns and villages, where, before his eyes, can be constantly seen the industry and every day life of his fellow countrymen in one of the most attractive portions of France.

Ste. Marguerite was once before the prison of an individual whose life was of romantic interest, and whose history has been the subject of labored and extended research. The Man in the Iron Mask was confined on the island from 1686 to 1698, when he was removed to the Bastile. The dungeon in which he was incarcerated is still pointed out. Its solid windows are guarded by 12 iron bars. The only approach to it was through the governor's rooms. In the midst of a small garden is a square building with a door on each face, and evidently constructed with a view to strength and to prevent prisoners confined in it from escaping. It is understood that the condemned Marshal will be accompanied in his seclusion by his wife and children, and that restraint on his movements will extend to his safe-keeping. In other respects he will have the privilege of moving about within the confines of the island as much as he pleases.

The man in the Iron Mask was differently treated. He was closely watched and not allowed to hold conversation with anyone save his jailers. Various surmises as to who this historical character really was have been thrown out. At first it was contended that he was an illegitimate son of Louis XIV., by de la Valliere, who, having boxed the ears of his half brother, the Dauphin, was condemned to imprisonment for life. This assumption proved unfounded. It was again insisted that he was the Duke of Beaufort, "King of the Markets," and afterwards some believed that he was the elder brother of Louis XIV., that he was the son of Anne of Austria by the Duke of Buckingham. The Queen, having the impression removed from her mind that she was barren, afterwards gave birth to the grand monarch, who, discovering, on reaching maturity, the condition of affairs, consigned his elder brother to a life-long imprisonment. Conjecture has exhausted itself to find out who the masked man was, but it has not yet been settled with anything like certainty. He was transferred from one place of confinement to another, and on his journeys wore a mask. He was removed from Ste. Marguerite in 1698, and confined on a litter to the Bastile, where he was treated with distinction. When the latter fell search was made for papers or relics that might lead to his identification, but none were found.

Marshal Bazaine may not consider the place of his seclusion the most agreeable. The old buildings cannot be suggestive of the most cheering emotions. He is, however, close to Italy, and he has the Mediterranean expanse to the north, south and east. If desirous to escape there cannot fail to be many favorable opportunites, but after all the Marshal may expect that at the expiration of a few years he may be permitted to leave Ste. Marguerite a free man. A fortune that did not befall the Mysterious Man in the Iron Mask.

Chromos as Prizes

There is such a thing, says an exchange, as having anything too bad. This chromo business is having a great run among cheap newspapers, and it is becoming annoying to the people. We have stood the constant arrival of daubs, and paid express charges without a murmur, until this last indignity was heaped upon us, and now the lion within us is aroused. A few days ago the gentlemanly expressman came in with a flat package. Instinctively we knew it contained colored pictures of highly colored females, or impossible dogs, but we paid the charges, and at our leisure opened the package. Not content with sending us one there were three pictures in the package. We have boarded those hideous caricatures for three days. They have frightened some of our best customers out of the office. We took one of them to the barn, and the cow saw it and has persistently refused to give milk since. That picture is a terror. In the fore-ground is an old mare and two mule colts laying down, all unconscious that just above them two wolves are just ready to pounce upon them. The artist seems to have thrown a good deal of soul into the ears of the smallest mule colt, and the tail of one of the wolves is woven into his hind leg so perfectly that you can't tell where the leg ends and the tail begins. The whole effect of the picture reminds the true artist of a jar of preserved huckleberries spilled on the cellar stairs and stepped in by a number eight female foot in a state of anxiety. (One of our frequent visitors says the picture represents a sheep and two lambs instead of a mare and two mule colts, and that instead of wolves there are two dogs. Well, there is no true artistic eye but has its faults. It may be sheep and dogs, but we would have taken our solemn affidavit they were mules and wolves.) But this is neither here nor there. What we want to illustrate is the cheek of that paper. Yesterday we received a letter from the supreme idiot who runs the paper informing us that the aforesaid pictures had been sent us, and that we were expected to do advertising for them to the extent of $20. Now we are nothing but poor, weak creatures, and don't want a row with a paper; but if worse comes to worse we will perish honorably, with our face to the foe, before we will do one cent's worth of advertising—any more than this article—for those blasted things.

Coughing Time.

The *Tablet* relates a story of a minister who had a coughing congregation, and who cured them thus: No sooner had he ceased to speak than, singular to relate, one cough after another died out until soon there was absolute silence in the church, whereupon the minister said something to the following effect: "My friends, I know that in this weather colds abound, and therefore it is difficult for you to refrain from coughing. Still it is impossible for me to preach and for you to cough at the same time. Let us come, then, to a mutual agreement, so that you may cough and I may preach without disturbing each other. I will speak, say, for five or ten minutes at a time; when I raise my handkerchief there will be an interval allowed for coughing. As soon as I let it fall, I will resume my sermon and you your silence." The plan succeeded admirably."

The New Year.

There is something demoralizing about New Year's, says Dr. Howsad. Not at all that demoralization is the main outcome of the institution; but a man must be strong in the faith to withstand the effect upon his moral system of the knowledge that New Year's brings, even to the best of us. For it is at this season of the year that a man, so to speak, takes stock of himself. He takes his good resolutions, his good deeds, his bad impulses and actions, his mixed motives—in fact, his whole moral belongings and accomplishments, down from the shelves, dusts them, looks them over, and enters them in his books. There may be profit, growth, advance; but there is apt to be a melancholy side to the fairest showing.

For suppose that, on the whole, we have reason to be encouraged by the condition of affairs revealed—there are few of us who do not find with each New Year's an increased sense of limitation. For we are creatures of inheritance, and of habit; the spirit may be willing, but O, how weak the flesh!

It is not merely that we are too apt to fail in the spiritual, with all our striving; but strange barriers loom along the intellectual horizon. As we grow older, the very element of Time, which in our youth seems such a vague, shadowy enemy—if not a friend of infinite *largesse*—comes bearing down upon us, mighty, resistless—an army with banners.

There are so many things that for so many years I have been hoping to do before each succeeding New Year's Day. The contemplated crusades of boyhood even yet haunt me as things destined to fortunate occurrence. Surely the summer day is yet to come when I shall take up my adventurous march on the Crosswicks turnpike; the same night pitch my rag-carpet tent in the mysterious Pines; sleep to the entrancing music of the hyena and the jackal, and sally forth the next day to slay a white Polar bear with my ivory paper-cutter.

Shall I confess how often, since last New Year's, I have stood looking over the railing of the ferryboat, and imagined that at last the Moment had come: the Child had fallen into the water; I had handed my coat to the benevolent gentleman with a Quaker hat and blue spectacles, my gold watch to a celebrated stock-gambler—(who is so much impressed by the generous confidence, and the general sublimity of the scene, that he is a reformed man from that moment)—and am only hesitating whether to place my pocket-book in the keeping of the pretty factory-girl with a pink parasol, or in that of the clerical-looking gentleman, who may turn out to be a pickpocket in disguise,—before taking the final, heroic plunge.—*Scribner's.*

A Word in Season.

Once I had a pair of friends—one man, one woman—who "married together." So I lost them; for each resented the confidence of the other in me. For years I knew little of them; but by-and-by the wife came to me for counsel and assistance. She was dissatisfied with home and husband; "he" was jealous, exacting, yet undemonstrative; and she was tired to the soul. Investigation showed me that the blame of all this lay at her own door; her husband had not made so rapid advance in the world as she had thought he would; marrying an ideal, she would not bow to the reconciled to a reality; persistently looking for foreign attributes in a practical nature, imagination came to grief, and fancy—not love—perished. Fortunately, my influence healed the breach ere it was irremediable—and I regained my friends. This is not the point of the story, however; but the young wife may draw her own moral from it. She should remember that she has chosen her own lot in life, and it is her duty, therefore, to suit herself to her husband in all things; if he be hasty in temper, let her keep her own under control; if he be selfish, she must teach him the nobility of generosity, and, more important than all, perhaps, if he becomes embarrassed in circumstances, it is her duty to aid him by her kindness, not to mutter or oppress him by her ill temper. Upon the mail sex the task of providing the means of subsistence is, in civilized society, almost exclusively imposed; and consequently, when they become distressed, and have not wherewithal to provide for their partners, they suffer doubly. They have not only their own privations to regret, but yours also; and the world's frown, and the world's—sometime unjust—censure falls entirely upon the husband. The wife can hide from the world, but the husband must face its pride and prosperity. May all young wives be permanently prosperous, but for the honor of womanhood, we admonish them not to let adversity, should it unfortunately lay its iron hand upon them, induce them to depart from that affectionate conduct, in word or deed, which they owe to their husbands, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to do away with the proverb: "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window."

A Useful Item.

Perhaps one of the most aggravating difficulties ever encountered by a busy housewife is that attending the lighting of fires on still, damp mornings. The stove at first won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then when it does start, it is with a sort of explosion or outward rush of air which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator. The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that. It immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way in the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light, and, if dry, burst into a brisk flame.

The Manufacture of Iron.

The antiquity of the manufacture of iron on a large scale is shown in an article by Richard Mallett upon the working of iron in India, where, according to this author, it had been carried on upon a scale so stupendous as to rival the production of the largest steam-hammer in Europe at the present day. Among other illustrations mentioned is that of a wrought-iron pillar at the principle gate of the ancient mosque of the Rutub, near Delhi, which is as large as the screw shaft of a first-class steamer. This is slightly spindle-shaped, and is surmounted by a capital of elaborate Indian design carved by the chisel in the solid iron. The entire length is about sixty feet. Its diameter near the surface is sixteen inches; it contains about eighty cubic feet of metal, and weighs upwards of seventeen tons. Near its middle is an inscription of sixteen lines in Sanscrit, from which its age has been assigned to the third or fourth century of the Christian era.

The English House of Rothschilds.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild, says a writer, far exceeded his father or any of his brothers in commercial genius. His attention was early called to England as an arena for action (he had not then become a partner), and thither he journeyed soon after reaching his majority. He commenced his career in Manchester as a money lender, with less than $500, the cotton interest being then in its infancy there. As they say in Britain, he got on. At the end of five years he had $1,000,000—a rate of interest on his original capital which ought to satisfy the archfiend of pawnbrokers—and with this sum he went to London. So large were his transactions in the metropolis that one of the grandees of the city, Levi Cohen, selected him as an eligible candidate for the vacancy of son-in-law. Cohen became alarmed after the union on account of Nathan's apparently desperate speculations, believing the young man must soon be ruined. The latter calmed the paternal apprehensions, saying, "You have given me but one of your daughters, when it would have been an excellent stroke of business if you had given me all your daughters. Then they would have died a great deal richer than they will now."

Nathan speedily won his place in the world's capital. His ventures in the public funds always turned out luckily. He was as bold as astute, entering into competition with the then immensely powerful banking house of Goldsmid, and undertaking what the Barings, Couttses, and Hopes lacked the nerve to engage in. While ancient firms were timid or tottering, he had his first transactions with the government. Wellington, while actively engaged on the Peninsula, in 1810, had made some drafts which the Treasury could not meet, and which the banker, anticipating the result of the struggle on the Continent, purchased at a liberal discount, renewed them to the government, and finally redeemed them at par. It was a capital operation in every sense, bringing him into close and confidential relations with the ministry, and vastly enlarging both his opportunities and connections. The government employed him to transmit subsidies to the Continental powers, and he faithfully performed the task. He had the advantage of the earliest and most trustworthy intelligence from Frankfort, and was in a position to return it in kind.

Before long all ordinary means of communication were insufficient for his rapidly growing enterprise, and he determined to use carrier-pigeons and fast-sailing boats of his own for the transmission of news. Reports in cipher of all important events were tied under the wings of the birds, which were constantly arriving at the London offices, while his agents were crossing the Channel in the stormiest weather under a perilous pressure of canvas. To this day the mail-boats between Boulogne and Folkestone follow the course marked out by the London operator for his own craft.

When the wonderful Corsican returned from Elba, and all the armies outside of France marched with secret dread against the one indomitable foe who had beaten them on every field, Rothschild once more traversed the Channel. He went to Belgium, and even followed in the wake of Wellington's forces, that he might be among the very first to know the result of the coming collision. His intense eagerness induced him to expose himself to the dangers of battle. He felt that the fate of Napoleon and the florins of the Rothschilds depended upon Waterloo; but to him the cause of universal humanity and freedom would not have borne the weight of a feather against the golden gains of his fortune-bloated house. He kept so close to the British commander-in-chief on the memorable 18th of June that the Iron Duke, who did not know him, fancied him to be a spy or an assassin; and swore, with one of his superabundant oaths, that he would hang that skulking fellow if he did not clear out.

All day long Nathan Rothschild sat on his horse on the hill of Hougoumont, and with his glass to his eye anxiously watched the deadly struggle of the nations. Until the sun was low in the west the plain was buried in powder-smoke. When the cloud had lifted the French army was seen in full retreat. The greatest soldier of all time, haggard, defeated, desperate, having failed with a single regiment of the Old Guard and a few pieces of broken cannon to make a rallying-point for the demoralized fugitives, was borne away by Soult from the disastrous field where he had wished his life to end with his history.

Rothschild took in the situation at once. True to his instincts, he saw in the awful carnage only the shimmer of his gold. Chance had overcome the most heroic valor, the most stubborn resistance, the best-laid plans, and once more declared in the Hebrew's favor. He dashed into Brussels, whence a carriage in waiting whirled him to Ostend. At dawn he stood on the Belgian coast, against which the sea was madly breaking. He offered five, six, eight, ten hundred francs to be carried over to England. The mariners feared the storm; but a bolder fisherman, upon promise of twenty-five hundred francs, undertook the hazardous voyage. Before sunset Rothschild landed at Dover, and engaging the swiftest horses, rode with the wind to London. What a superb special correspondent he would make.

The merchants and bankers were dejected; the funds were depressed; a dense fog hung over the city; English souls had sunk into their pockets. On the morning of the 20th the cunning and grasping Nathan appeared at the Stock Exchange, an embodiment of gloom. He mentioned, confidentially of course, to his familiars that Blucher at the head of his vast army of veterans had been defeated by Napoleon at Ligny on the 16th and 17th, and there could be no hope for Wellington with his comparatively small and undisciplined force. This was half true, and, like all half truth, was particularly calculated to deceive. Rothschild was a leader among trading renards. His doleful whisper spread as the plague, poisoning faith everywhere. The funds tumbled like an aerolite. Public and private credit wilted before the simoom of calamitons report. It was Black Friday anticipated in Lombard street. Rothschild bought through his secret agents all the consols, bills, and notes he could raise money for. Not before the afternoon of the 21st—nearly forty-eight hours after the battle—did the news of Wellington's victory reach London through the regular channels. Rothschild was at the Exchange half an hour before the glad tidings were made public, and imparted them to a crowd of greedy listeners. The Bourse was buoyant. Everything went up more rapidly than it had gone down. England was happy, as well she might be; for she had stumbled into the greatest triumph in her history.

After Waterloo Nathan Rothschild was more lucky and pros

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Jan. 15, 1874.

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Pomeroy the briber and late radical senator of Kansas, has forfited his bail: A Topeka dispatch says the case of ex Senator Pomeroy for bribery came up for trial yerterday. Application for a continuance of twenty days was denied by the court. Mr. Pomeroy not appearing his $20,000 bail was declared forfeited. The governor will issue a requisition on the governor of the District of Columbia and amessenger will leave with it in twenty-four hours.

The bungling manner in which Wade was recently executed at Williamsport, had its repetition in the Hudson county, N. J., jail, at the execution of Jacob Michella, a Russian seaman, for the murder of Deputy Marshal Stevenson, in July last. After Michella had been hanging for about three minutes, and while being lowered for the convenience of the physicians, the knot slipped and he fell heavily to the ground. As rapidly as possible the rope was readjusted, and Michella was again suspended, and after a few convulsions was declared dead.

The Rothchilds, twelve in number, are worth about one thousand million dollars. Ugh, who'd have the bother of taking care of it?

Gov. Hartranft appeared at the bar of the senate, on Friday, 9th, and took the oath to support the new Constitution.

The members of the senate and house were also again sworn in, under the new Constitution.

The members of the legislature, for the present session, were doubly sworn —once on Tuesday of last week under the old constitution, a few days after which the Governor issued his proclamation declaring the new Constitution, when the honorables were again sworn in accordance with its new and stern oath. We think the people ought to feel safe now—however if any of the honorables are so hard hearted as to still follow their old ways, why then we would advise an addition of the Delaware whipping post, and if that don't do, let the people fall back to the old Jewish custom, and stone the offenders to death.

Another outrage is about to be committed by the party in power. At the recent election in Texas, the democrats swept the state by 50,000 majority, electing governor and all else. This does not suit the buck-shot-war tribe at Washington, whose history is so full of setting aside elections as if none had been held. The voice of the people of Texas is to be disregarded by the radical malcontents, upon the ground that the election was unconstitutional. The movement has been set on foot in Texas with the assurance, it is said, that the administration at Washington will support it with all its power. This is the Louisianna outrage repeated in the "lone star" state—it is the tyranny that has been practiced upon every southern state that has dared to go in favor of the democratic party, and is the same spirit which inaugurated the buck-shot-war in Pennsylvania under the lead of Thad Stevens, in 1837. This is a favorite game of the radical party, and the one by which it has maintained itself in power. If this outrage is now to be carried out upon Texas, the people of that state have the right to resist it, and the consequences will be upon the usurpers who disregard the voice of the people.

The democrats of the lower house honored the member from this county, Mr. Orvis, with their unanimous vote for speaker. This is a well-deserved compliment in view of the distinguished services rendered by our representative last winter as a member of the same body, as the leader of democracy, honesty and wholesome reform. Centre county is proud of her member, he is an honor to his constituents, and the state at large is vastly benefitted by his clear headedness, sound and quick judgement, and ability as a speaker, and especially fortunate that he brings all these noble qualities in untiring use for the rights and interests of the people, first, last, and all the time.

Under the new order of things to be inaugurated by the adoption of a new Constitution, who is more fitting to be a representative during so important a session as the present one, than John H. Orvis? What a loss it would have been to have defeated him, and what a discreditable error had not the honest people of Centre county returned him, as they so nobly did, with a largely increased majority. His superior for genuine ability, correct views, sound logic, integrity and devotedness to the public good, is not to be found at Harrisburg.

The chief justice business is settled at last. The President shocked the entire country by the nomination of the notorious Williams, for this high and sacred position, and obstinately stuck to it, in spite of the loud murmerings of the American people, who felt deeply insulted by the nomination of the third rate Oregon lawyer. The senate would not confirm Williams, and he was compelled to send in a letter withdrawing his name, which is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1874.—To the President: SIR: You were kind enough, without my solicitation or any knowledge on my part that you contemplated such a thing, to nominate me for chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Since that time the floodgates of calumny in all directions have been opened upon me. My abilities have been disparaged and my integrity brought in question, and it seems to me that a public opinion adverse to my appointment has been created, which might hereafter embarrass you and perhaps impair my usefulness upon the bench. With a perfect consciousness that I have performed with clean hands and an upright purpose all the duties of the various public places to which I have been called, and trusting to time and a just public when better informed of my vindication, I respectfully ask you to withdraw from the senate my nomination for chief justice.

GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

President Grant has now nominated Caleb Cushing, a gentleman who is eminently worthy the exalted place, and whose nomination will be endorsed by the country. We are willing to give Mr. Grant credit for this, although he was forced into it.

The effects of the new Constitution are already noticed in the absence of the lobbyists. They did not make their accustomed appearance at Harrisburg. The new Constitution has robbed these fellows of their trade, and it ain't worth railroad fair for them to take charge of the legislature any more—played out.

Why Tea and Coffee Must be Taxed.

In a letter from a Washington correspondent to a leading paper we find a few of the reasons why Congress is asked to levy new taxes. Tea and coffee, tobacco and all kinds of liquors are mentioned as the proper articles for more taxation.

In the first place the expenses of the Executive department have been doubled during the present administration. In 1866 the appropriations made in the regular Legislative, Executive and Judicial bill for the Executive office during the year 1867—the last of Johnson's administration—were as follows: Compensation of the President, $25,000; salaries of private secretary, assistant secretary clerks, steward and messenger $6,100, contingent expenses, $4,000 total $35,100. This year the estimates for the same are; Compensation of the President, $50,000; salaries of private secretaries, clerks, steward and messenger, $15,300; contingent expenses, $6,000; total $71,300. The duties of the President are to-day no greater than they were in 1867, and the amount of business to be transacted in his office requiring the services of secretaries, etc., has not increased. Besides the above, the following are additional appropriations for the White House during the current year:

For greenhouse of excutive mansion,	$10,000
For fuel for same,	5,000
For repairs of same,	15,000
For refurnishing same,	10,000
For improvement of grounds South of executive mansion,	10,000
For two policemen,	2,640
For two doorkeepers,	2,400
For usher,	1,200
For night watchman,	900
For furnace keeper,	720
Total for one year,	$58,000

Twenty years ago, members of the Cabinet, if they rode at all, had their own carriages and horses. Now not only Cabinet officers, but their subordinates, have vehicles and horses furnished and kept at public expenses even their drivers and footmen are kept on the official rolls and paid out of the national treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury has one carriage and one span of horses furnished and kept by the government. The two assistant secretaries of the treasury have each a horse and carriage. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has one double and one single carriage and a span of horses. The appointment clerk has a horse and carriage. The superintendent of the treasury building, an officer unknown to the law, has one carriage, one buggy and one horse. The supervising architect has one horse and carriage. There are in addition five horses and two wagons belonging to the Treasury department and are chiefly employed for the private benefit of certain officials. The expense of keeping up this horse business for the Treasury department alone last year was nearly $12,000. There are seven messengers at a salary of $60 per month whose only duty is to drive these officials around in carriages provided by Uncle Sam. The other departments are no better. There are said to be several hundred thousand dollars of the government money annually squandered in supplying these luxuries to the departments.

In the accounts of the Treasury department it will be found that in a single year $9,000 were expended for carpets, and over $3,000 for ice at a cent a pound, amounting to nearly 1,000 pounds a day. It is alleged that private ice and gas bills of officers of the department are charged to the government account—that is, no bills are sent to certain officers. A national laundry is maintained at the same department, and the pay roll of the employees in this novel institution averages over $335 per month. The gas bill of the Treasury building for 1872 was $17,879,20, while the fuel to heat it was $8,726,62. It seems that various articles which in common household use last for years cannot stand the wear and tear of public service more than one season. Take, for instance, water coolers. In 1871 the Treasury department was furnished with $527 75 worth of water coolers, and in 1872 there was expended for the same articles $616 37. The wear and tear on towels must be something fearful. The report of the superintendent of Treasury building shows that for hemming towels there was paid in 1873 $350, while the material cost $1,410. The richest item, however, to be found in the superintendent's report is the following:

March, 1872.

M Dermott & Bros., repairs to wheelbarrow, $32 75

Hundreds and thousands of such leaks might be published. They show with what economy the government is managed at Washington, and prove that while the people are paying taxation upon almost everything they eat, drink, wear and use, in the belief that they are paying off the national debt, the officeholders are living in luxury and filling their pockets with the money thus raised; while the debt is increasing instead of diminishing.

A scandal has occurred in Washington owing to a disagreement between Fred Grant and Donn Piatt growing out of some expressions in the Capital about Mrs. Grant's holding receptions so soon after her father's death.

Fighting Joe Hooker on The Christian Soldier, Howard.

A reporter of the New York Sun recently had a conversation with Gen. Joseph Hooker, concerning the fallen radical christian soldier and statesman, Gen. O. O. Howard.

"I have no desire to strike a man who is down or who at least is very rapidly falling," said the General, "But I can assure you that these new developments in relation to him have not altered my opinion of the man. Although I had not known him as a speculator, I was well aware of his inherent hypocrisy. And he is such a profound Christian, too! Why, down in the army—when I was in command of the Army of the Potomac, and he had the Eleventh Corps under me—he was full to overflowing with his miserable cant. Now, nobody has more respect for genuine Christianity than I, and I would be slow to doubt the genuineness of any man's piety; but Howard has always been a downright hypocrite. Do you know sir, that he read once about an English General—I don't recall the name at this moment—and he at once settled down into an imitation of that character. He has been playing a part, sir, with a view to establishing himself as an eminent Christian. He used to keep his tent hung with religious motoes, so as to catch the eyes of visitors. Bah! it was all pretence. He is no more a Christian than my boy James. Why, sir, all the while that he was maintaining these pretensions of piety he was backbiting his fellow officers, and trying to undermine them in my estimation. Gen. Slocum was a fellow corps commander and against him Howard directed much of his venom. At last I told him I would listen to no more of his whisperings about his fellow officers—that if he had charges to make they must be presented to me in writing, as I had determined to put a stop to his unsoldierlike spying. I was satisfied then, and certainly have now no reason to change my opinion, that he was playing a part in the army, and that his semblance of piety was assumed to cover and help on his selfish purposes. As an officer he was totally incompetent, and his incompetency affected the tone of his corps. He was a perfect old woman, and paid more attention to Sunday schools and prayer-meetings than to discipline. He is a bad man, sir, a bad man."

The Animal Kingdom.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S LECTURE AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Professor Morse was very favorably received by the audience. He said in the four lectures that he was to deliver he should attempt a sketch of the animal kingdom, and should adopt the four divisions of Cuvier, not that he believed in them, but that by doing so he thought he should be more readily understood. When it was considered that there were four or five hundred thousand species of animals it would seem as though there must be almost interminable complexity; but by the labors of naturalists these had been embraced in a few distinct types or great groups where there was a sufficient resemblance, or where the parts were so much alike as to admit or correct classification, and where if you saw a fragment of one animal you could restore the whole animal with sufficient distinctness to tell to which group it belonged. It was related of Cuvier that he could restore complete the outline of a fish from a single scale; but this had never been done, but yet it could be sufficiently restored to know to what animal it belonged. For instance, if one saw a large shoulderbone he would know it belonged to a large animal like a lion perhaps; but whether that animal had a name or a long or a short mane could not be told. In illustration the Professor drew upon the blackboard a representation of a stick of a certain shape, and then with a few dexterous strokes of his chalk a perfect form of a chair appeared. Continuing, he said in the present lecture he would commence with the lowest form of animal life or protoplasm, and upon this he would be very brief. If a rope was drawn up from the bottom of the sea there would be found adhering to it a kind of slimy ooze, which examined by the microscope would be found to consist of minute particles like little drops of glue, and yet it would be found that these minute particles were living organisms, and if a drop of blood was drawn from the human body and examined the same appearances would be found there, showing that from the highest to the lowest all life commenced at protoplasm and that muscle had no power to produce muscle or bone, and that this prtoplasm might thus be termed the common denominator of life. From this the Professor proceeded to the successive higher forms, the coral builders or sea anemones, from them to the jelly fish and lastly to the star fish, illustrating upon the black board as he proceeded, showing the different forms of each and their curious method of reproduction as well as their wondrous tenacity of life. He explained the formation of the Portuguese men-of-war and showed that they were entirely distinct from the proper nautilus, with which they had long been confounded by naturalists, the former being always at the surface of the water and the latter never appearing there. The lecture was addressed quite as much to the eye as to the ear, and, as illustrated by the Professor, was interesting throughout. At its close he announced that in his next he would take up the subject of shell fish, in the third he would treat of insects, and in the concluding lecture of the course of the vertebrates.

Mr. Lincoln's Religion.

"Mr. Herndon fails to show that "Mr. Lincoln ever *seriously antagonized* "the doctrines of the Christian "religion, and Mr. Reed fails to show "that he ever supported or subscribed "to them. Mr. Herndon's theory that "Mr. Lincoln was an infidel *rests on* "*mere inferences deduced from desultory* "*observations*, and Mr. Reed's theory "that he was a believer in the Chris"tian theology is drawn from acts "rather than from any direct declara"tion of religious faith."

The above is an extract from an elaborate editorial in the Chicago Inter-Occan. The italics are ours.

In the seventh and nineteenth chapters of Lamon's "Life of Lincoln" it appears that Mr. Lincoln wrote an extended essay—called by himself and friends a "book"—in which he maintained avowedly after the manner of paine and Volney, "(1) that "the Bible was not God's revelation, "and (2) that Jesus was not the Son of God."

Is the conclusion that the author of this tract was not a Christian a "mere inference?" Or has the standard of faith changed so that one may now assert those radical propositions respecting Christ and the book and still be considered an orthodox Christian? About a dozen of Mr. Lincoln's particular friends testify (Lamon's "Life," chapter 19) that Mr. Lincoln habitually "antagonized" the New Testament history much as he did the "book" above mentioned, his conversation overflowing with ribald wit, and coarse derision. Among the conspicuous gentlemen there cited to show that Mr. Lincoln was devoid of "Christian faith" is Judge David Davis, administrator of Mr. Lincoln's estate, and at present a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Is a proposition of fact founded upon such evidence a "mere inference?" At the time this book was published the Times declared that "a like array "of positive proof would have made "it certain that Abraham Lincoln "was a Buddhist or a Thug." It has, however, been freely charged that Colonel Lamon's book was mutilated by somebody before publication. Has the Inter-Ocean any reason to suspect that this apparently clear and irresistible evidence regarding Mr. Lincoln's religion is unworthy of credit?—*World.*

Judge Busteed, of Alabama, is to be impeached at an early day. The following are a few of the charges that are to be brought against him soon after the meeting of Congress:

1st. That he is not and never has been a citizen of Alabama, having lived on Staten Island and only going to Alabama to hold court.

2d. That he used public money for his individual benefit, having ordered the United States marshal to pay out of the fund of fines and forfeitures $1,000 to settle a suit against himself.

3d. That he accepted a bribe of $50,000 to throw the Meridian railroad into bankruptcy.

4th. That he required the State of Alabama in the bankruptcy case against the Alabama & Chattanooga railroad to deposit $90,000 to secure her interest. The State deposited $100,000 of her bonds in lieu of the money, and Busteed took these bonds to New York city and raised $60,000 on them for his own private use.

An applicant for a tavern license sent Judge Fisher a fine large bronze turkey, as a Christmas gift. The York papers have procured a copy of the Judge's answer and publish it, omitting the name of the donor. Perhaps it may be well for the public to know the views of the writer on the subject of receiving gifts:

York, Dec. 17, 1873.

Sir: I understood that last evening a remarkable fine bronze turkey was left at my house by your orders as a Christmas gift. As I was sick in my chamber, I knew nothing about it or I would not have allowed it to be left. I consider it highly improper for a Judge to receive presents from any person, although they be of the smallest value, and particularly if the party has a suit in Court or is an applicant for tavern license. The Court cannot be propitiated or their good favor obtained for such purpose by any such means. I request you to send for the turkey immediately, and if not sent for I will direct it to be given to the Orphan's home for their benefit. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT J. FISHER.

Hon. John H. Orvis.

The democratic members of the house paid a merited compliment to a distinguished democrat in voting for the Hon. John H. Orvis, of Centre county, for speaker. Mr. Orvis served the state with great ability in the last legislature, and was recognized as the leader of his party in the house. The services and experience of Mr. Orvis will be of the highest importance in shaping the general legislation rendered necessary under the new constitution.—Morning Patriot.

The Surveyor-General's Report.

Surveyor-General Reath presents a clear and interesting account of the operations of his office for the year ending November 30, 1873. In relation to its finances, the report shows the total receipts of the office for purchase money, fees, &c., to be $55,615.43, an increase of $7,460 over 1872, and larger in amount than for any year since 1838, excepting the years 1864 and 1870. 939 patents were issued during the year, covering 153,845 acres. The notices of liens served during the year embrace 168,000 acres, against which the State has claims amounting to $66,773. Notices to be served on others are being made out as rapidly as possible.

On account of the financial troubles, and in order not to unnecessarily disturb the people of the State, the matter of bringing suits against land owners for money due the Commonwealth for unpatented lands has been postponed for the present. It is believed the effort of this policy will be to induce State debtors to liquidate the claims against them as fast as possible. If the suits were pushed, great loss would fall upon hundreds of people in the State. In connection with this matter the Surveyor-General urges all owners of unpatented lands to make prompt payment therefer to the State, and perfect title by application for patent, thus saving interest accruing as well as cost of suits. Land owners need better protection from those who make it a business to search for defects in the title held by individuals. Application for proceedings in such cases is made at places where the real owners of the land cannot immediately have knowledge of the movement, and as a matter of course, expensive litigation is imposed upon citizens to vindicate their titles and hold their property. As a cure for this evil the Surveyor-General recommends that the witness, as to the land being improved or not, should be a resident of the immediate vicinity of the land applied for, and that at least thirty days notice should be required by publication in one or more papers of the county of the fact of the application, with a description of the land its location, and boundaries. It is incumbent upon the State to protect the owners of land from the arts, tricks and machinations of men who would use the quibbles of the law for unworthy purposes and hence the importance of the facts and suggestions put forth by the Surveyor-General upon this point.

It is held that the course mapped out by the Surveyor-General in relation to the better protection of landowners will not in any way interfere with applications for vacant lands made in good faith, and in cases where the lands belong to others it will enable them to caveat against the issue of a warrant as well as to perfect any defect shown to exist, and thus put them in a proper position. As a still further step in the same direction an extension of the pre-emption right is suggested by the Surveyor-General, which will cover all cleared lands actually used by the party in possession, and for which he pays taxes, but by oversight or want of knowledge has failed to perfect title by warrant and survey.

GOV. HARTRANFT'S MESSAGE.

Finances.

It is gratifying to observe that many of the most substantial securities in the market were more or less depressed during the recent panic, the finances of the State were unshaken, exhibiting unmistakable evidence of the stability of the State credit. The following statement, showing their satisfactory condition, will challenge attention:

Debt redeemed.

During the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1873:

Six per cent. loan	$1,308,800 00
Five per cent. loan	153,412 46
Chambersburg certificates	42,760 24
Total	$1,504,672 70

Receipts.

During the fiscal year ending November 30, 1873:

Bal. in Treas'ry, Nov. 30, '72.	1,482,455 61
Receipts	7,076,723 20
Total	8,559,170 81

Disbursements.

During fiscal year ending November 30, 1873:

Ordinary expenses	$3,666,325 67	
Loans redeemed	1,504,672 70	
Int. paid on loans	1,563,029 20	
		6,734,027 57
Bal. in treasury, Nov. 30, 1873		1,825,151 24

Public Debt—Funded Debt.

Six per cent. loans	20,540,580 00	
Five per cent loans	4,672,354 01	
Four and half per cent loans	87,000 00	
		25,599,934 01

Unfunded Debt.

Relief notes in circulation	96,249 00	
Interest certificates outstanding	13,049 02	
Interest certificates unclaimed	4,448 38	
Domestic creditors' certificates	44 67	
Chambersburg certificates outstanding	84,829 64	
Chambersburg certificates unclaimed	267 22	
		198,887 92
Total public debt Nov. 30, 1873		25,768,821 94

Bonds in Sinking Fund.

Amount brought forward		$23,798,821 94
Bonds of the Penn'a R. R. company	$5,700,080 00	
Bonds of the Allegheny valley R. R.	2,500,000 00	
	9,200,000 00	
Cash in Treasury Nov. 30, 1873	1,827,151 24	
		11,023,151 24
Indebtedness unprovided for		14,775,670 70

In 1874 the receipts from all sources will be $1,500,000 less than the receipts of 1873, while the expenditures will not be diminished. This loss of revenue is largely due to the repeal of taxes bearing heavily upon the industrial interests of the Commonwealth, and partly to the prostration of business. The receipts of 1875 may be about the same as those of 1874, but the expenditures will be greater, owing to the additional outlay necessary for schools, Legislature and Judiciary, under the new Constitution, which will then be in full force. Notwithstanding this enormous decrease in the receipts, and increase in expenditures, it is hoped and believed, that by the most rigid economy in every branch of the government, and moderate appropriations, the revenues in the future will be sufficient to meet all the demands on the Treasury, and leave a balance to reduce the indebtedness of the State, as required by the Constitution. I am in accord with those who believe as the debt decreases there should be a corresponding relief afforded to those interests that bear the burden of taxation; but at this juncture I would regard any further reduction of the revenues as unwise. In our list of taxes, however, may be found some that are not strictly "uniform upon the same class of subjects," and very unfair in their operation, and I think, therefore, a revision of our tax laws is now desirable if not necessary.

In compliance with the constitutional amendment of 1857, the Legislature in 1858 created a sinking fund for the payment of the interest of the State debt, and for an annual reduction of the principal in a sum not less than $250,000 per annum. In addition to the securities designated by the amendment, the revenues arising from certain taxes were assigned to this fund. From that time, each succeeding year, the interest on the debt has been punctually paid, and the portion of principal redeemed, instead of amounting to $250,000, has grown to the immense sum of one to two millions per year. The reason is a simple one. The revenues set apart for the sinking fund, by the natural growth of these special taxes, have become annually much larger, while the amount required to be paid on account of interest, by reason of the rapid decrease of the public debt, has every year become smaller, and in this way the annual credits to the sinking fund have swollen to proportions never contemplated by the original friends of the measure. As an illustration, it is simply necessary to say that the revenues flowing to this fund were last year over half the entire income of the State, or $3,500,000, while only $1,500,000 were needed to pay interest on the debt. In the meantime, the annual revenues allotted for general purposes have been less than the amount of the annual appropriations of the Legislature, and the Legislature never having made provision for the difference by a reconstruction of the revenues, it became necessary for the Treasurer to pay the deficencies of appropriations out of the funds properly due to the sinking fund or suspend payment. This condition of affairs places the Sinking Fund Commissioners in an anomalous position, from which it is manifestly the duty of the Legislature to relieve them.

The Centennial.

The progress of the work of preparation for the Centennial is realizing fully the expectations of our people. The distinguished gentlemen charged with the details of this vast undertaking are striving zealously, with great intelligence and industry, to perfect all the arrangements in a manner commensurate with the important and conspicuous position our Republic occupies among the nations of the earth. A becoming regard for the dignity and honor of the country, we can hope, will now induce the General Government, and all the States, to extend to the Commission such material aid as will secure this enterprise from every possibility of failure. The city of Philadelphia, whose generosity, in different ways, in behalf of the Centennial, has elicited commendation from all quarters, ceded to the Commission an eligible site in the midst of her beautiful park, whereon the the proposed building for the exhibition, the plans of which have been adopted, are to be erected. This site was formally transferred and dedicated to its special uses on the 4th of July last, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. Upon that occasion proclamation of the President was made, wherein the celebration and exhibition were commended to the people of the United States, and a cordial invitation given to all nations who may be pleased to take part therein.

The New Constitution having been approved by a very decided majority of the people, it is expected that all citizens will yield cheerful obedience to its behests, and unite to strictly and faithfully enforce its provisions.

As each day's experience reveals the methods of administration, the conviction grows stronger in my mind that good government depends not so much upon written laws as upon the disposition of the people to comply with the demands of the laws, and the determination of those delegated to execute them, to see that their mandates are enforced. Reform, it will be conceded, cannot be obtained by mere constitutional enactment, nor by surrounding offices and trusts with additional restraints.

Soldiers' Orphans.

No act of the State ever secured her more honor than that which pledged her people to the care and education of the orphans of the soldiers who fell in her service, and no part of her policy has reflected so much credit upon her people as the fidelity with which they have been redeeming that promise. The generosity which former Legislatures have displayed in providing for the maintenance and instruction of these orphans will now, I am persuaded, bespeak for them like consideration and favor. I feel constrained also to renew my proposition that some measure should be taken to furnish these children with trades.

Board of Public Charities.

During the past year the gentlemen composing the Board of Public Charities have fulfilled the important trust committed to their care with their wonted fidelity and zeal. The results of their labors clearly demonstrate that true philanthrophy, well guarded and directed, can be of great practical service to the State.

The numbers of the criminal, pauper, insane and other defective classes that are in some degree dependent on public support, must always be large, and the problem of caring for these multitudes in a way to decrease their number, and so add to the productive force of the community, is one which addresses itself with great force to the attention of the Legislature.

State Banks, Savings Funds, Trust Companies.

I still adhere to the principles laid down in the Mifflinburg and Wood's Run vetoes of last session. Recent events have demonstrated the necessity of fixing proper limitations to the powers conferred on these moneyed corporations, and have afforded a practical illustration of the wisdom of rigidly confining them to objects that are recognized by the people as distinctly belonging to such institutions. When a bank of discount is permitted to become also a savings fund, a trust company, an insurance company, to buy and sell real estate, and to have the rights and privileges of a building association, it is difficult to determine what are its legitimate functions, or what security a community has for the safety of its deposits. I have always entertained serious doubts as to the propriety of banks of discount paying interest on deposits, and am now convinced that this pernicious practice should be prohibited. Money will always flow to banks paying interest on deposits, and the large surplus thus aggregated seduced by attractive offers is sent to the great money centres where it gives more impulse to speculation, while the sections from which it is drawn suffer in all their enterprises from the higher rates they are compelled to pay for the money remaining at home. This system of purchasing deposits was confessedly one of the principal causes of the financial crisis of 1857, and of this year. When banks have large deposits on call, and have their loans on time, in the event of any great stringency in the money market, disaster is almost inevitable.

Within a few years many State banks have been chartered, with the captivating names of savings banks, designed to attract deposits. These banks and savings funds are entirely distinct in organization and purpose, and should never be associated in their management. The one is a bank of discount, intended to supply the wants of business, the other is simply a repository for people's money, limited to small amounts to each individual, the aggregate of the amounts thus received to be invested in mortgages on unincumbered property worth double the amount of the mortgage, and in secure public stocks, in safe proportions. A bank is conducted with the avowed object of benefit to its stockholders, a savings fund is presumed to be managed entirely in the interest of depositors among the laboring classes, or those of limited means and business qualifications, and the essential requisites of which are such prudence and safety in the disposition of the funds as will best enhance their value for the benefit of these classes of depositors. Men in charge of savings funds should have no personal ends to serve; should be above temptation, and receive their highest reward in the good accomplished by inducing a saving habit, which, once fixed, leads to prosperity.

The objects of trust companies should be equally specific and well defined. Some of these companies are invested with very extensive powers, are the depositories of immense sums of money and charged with the keeping and management of vast and important trusts. It should be the duty of the State to see that their affairs are administered with fidelity, not only to the individuals who confide in their management, but to the public who are interested in the security and stability of these companies as barriers to wild speculation and its consequent financial panics.

Allow me to suggest, therefore, that all State banks, saving funds and trust companies be made subject to the examination of a committee appointed by proper authority; that these institutions be required to publish quarterly statements, under oath, of the amount of their assets and liabilities and the names of their officers; that by a general law their stockholders be made personally liable for double the amount of stock held by them; and they be compelled to have constantly in their vault a cash reserve of ten per cent. of their net liabilities. These examinations, reports and restrictions cannot be hurtful to institutions of established credit and high character, while they will disclose the unsoundness or mismanagement of those that ought not to exist

Insurance.

The Department, established by an act approved April 4, 1873, for the supervision of the insurance interests of the State, went into operation on the first Monday of May last. By the terms of this act the Department is self-sustaining, and in no way a burden upon the public treasury.

While Pennsylvania can boast of some strong and substantial insurance companies it must be acknowleged that the want of system in the organization and management of these corporations, and the reckless manner in which the Legislature has granted special charters, together with the entire absence of restraining supervision, have introduced defects that cannot be too soon remedied. The capital with which fire insurance companies have been permitted to begin, and continue business, is in most cases entirely inadequate, and immediate steps should be taken to place insurance companies in this State upon a firm and enduring foundation. To this end, I recommend the enactment of a law providing for the organization and regulation of insurance companies, both fire and life, which shall require a certain amount of capital as a prerequisite to commence business, and designate the kind of investments to be made. It may also be advisable to compel companies already organized to have, within a reasonable time, the entire amount of their nominal capital actually paid in and invested in good securities. Fire insurance, excepting that conducted within a limited sphere upon the purely mutual plan, requires capital, and this capital should be actual and not in the illusory form of stock notes. Taking into consideration the enormous sums paid annually by the citizens of this State in the shape of premiums to insurance companies they have a right to demand the largest measure of protection against recklessness and fraud.

The Exemption Law.

The act of 1849 exempting a certain amount of the property of a debtor from levy and sale; on execution or distress for rent, was intended for the wise and humane purpose of protecting his family from sudden and absolute want. This benevolent design is, however, often defeated, and the law practically nullified, by the harrassed debtor waiving the benefit of the act to meet the exactions of his creditor. Do not sound public policy and humanity demand a supplement to this law that will forbid a debtor having a family waving the benefit of the exemption, so that a household may not be shorn, in an instant, of all the necessaries of life by reason of the weakness, recklessness or misfortune of its head, or to satisfy the greed of a grasping creditor?

State Printing.

By the destructive fire which consumed the printing establishment of the State Printer not only did he lose largely, but a loss was also suffered by the State. At the time of the fire there was considerable work, finished and unfinished, on hand, belonging to the State and to the Constitutional Convention, which latter, by a resolution adopted on the last day of its sessions, authorized the Auditor General and State Treasurer to settle and adjust its accounts with the State Printer, Mr. Singerly.

The State Treasurer and Auditor General, I am informed, desire legislation to enable them to carry out the resolution and intention of the Convention, and I would suggest the legislation you may adopt may also confer like authority upon them to equitably settle and adjust the accounts for printing, binding, and other work, finished and unfinished, done by Mr. Singerly, for the State as well as for the Convention.

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Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts and the convenience and refinement of social life. Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.

The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into public view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspaper or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the pactical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopaedia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give greater lucidity and force to the explanation in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable feature of scenery architecture, and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopaedia, and worthy of its high character.

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NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino H

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JAN. 15,, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Our friend Mr. S. R. Gettig, writes us: I like Virginia very well, so far; I would not wish myself back again.

——A musical convention will be held at Freeburg, Snyder county, commencing on the 26th, and closing with a concert on the Friday following, to which our musical talent is invited.

——The hunting or killing of deer, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, squirrels, rabbits, &c., expired with the close of December, and it will be as well to remember that even the possession of game, or their fresh skins, out of season, is prima facia evidence to convict and impose the fine.

STOCKING STREAMS WITH SALMON.—On Wednesday afternoon 12,000 salmon were placed in the waters of the Snyder's spring, a branch of the Mohontongo—a stream which divides Dauphin and Northumberland—by Mr. Cleveling, superintendent of the state hatching house and Col. Warral, of Harrisburg, ex fish commissionre. The salmon were hatched at Dr. Slick's establishment, New Jersey, and were transported from that place to Harrisburg under the care of Mr. Cleveling. This makes the third establishment which has been introduced into either the Susquehanna or tributaries of that stream. In March last W. D. Seiler, Esq., Colonel Warrel and Mr. Cleveling placed 5,000 in the Susquehanna, early in December from 12,000 to 15,000 were put into the Yellow Breeches and Tonodoguinnet and on Wednesday 12,000 into Snyder's spring.

——An important change respecting the morning hour of leaving eastward on the R. R. went into effect on Monday of this week. Instead of that distasteful five o'clock ride we now have it at eight o'clock, which will suit the traveling public admirably and thereby increase the patronage of the Road.—*Mifflinburg Telegraph.*

——Taken on an average, Haines township has the youngest couple in these parts of the vinyard. He is about 20, she a little over 14. Better early than never.

——In a post-office, not fifty miles from Centre Hall, we find the following "motto" over an opening in the desk: "Letter box," (letter box.) We second that motion any time, if she wants to box "let her box," but send the school-master around.

——"Avilude, or Game of Birds, just published by West & Lee, of Worcester, Mass., is a card game of real merit, and entirely unexceptionable. It is getten up in a fine style, the play is excellent, while the amount of information afforded in such small space, by the fine engravings of Birds and their discriptions are surprising. It must have a large sale, and deserves it, too."

——Sale of personal property of David Ertle, dec'd, in Gregg twp., 5th Feb.

——The Harris twp. Farmer's Club met at Rock Hill, pursuant to adjournment, Jan. 9, 1874. Geo. W. Campbell in the chair. Subject for discussion, "The killing, curing, and preserving of meat." Pork was the main subject, mutton 2d, and beef 3d. C. Dale, John Carper, D. Weiland, Geo. Swab, Sam'l Davis, F. Potter, A. Stover, Jerry Tressler, John S. Forster, Joseph Baker and others took part in the discussion; although the night was dark and raining, the meeting was large and interesting. The subject, although a plain one, yet opinions differed very much—no two agreeing. Adjourned to meet in Boalsburg, Jan. 22d, in the evening, subject, "Feeding of Cattle."

JOSEPH BAKER, Sec'y.

——All in want of shingles can get them at a bargain of T. N. Wolf & Bro. See adv. They have a real good shingle at six dollars per thousand. 3t.

——CENTRE COUNTY ATLAS.—Subscribers to the Atlas of Centre county, published by A. Pomeroy & Co., are notified that the work is ready for delivery. Subscribers will please have their money ready for the Agent.

JAMES LANAGAN,
Agent for A. Pomeroy & Co.

——And still Newt Wolf's neck is not broken, although horse-flesh again undertook the job, for the forty-eleventh time, Tuesday of last week. Newt left Rebersburg in the evening with the mail; it being dark and no one about, when along a lonely spot on the road, his horse thought it safe to make things lively for his driver—just as so many of his species had done before. The nag put on a full head of steam, and the driver was set upon the road in a manner to badly skin his face and lay him up for a few days. Thinking Newt was all right, the fiery steed, with buggy passed Wolf's Store, and spent the night in the Brushvalley narrows. We think it is about time that horses give up the idea of breaking Newt Wolf's neck by running off, and smashing buggies—they have tried it too often, throwing him against rocks, posts, fences, buildings, &c.;—experience should have taught the horse-tribe, ere this, that it is all of no avail when tried on Newt Wolf, let them quit that mode and try it by kicking, biting, stamping, or chawing him. Newt, we reckon is a safe subject for life insurance companies, but let accident insurance concerns give him a wide berth.

——Go to Hoffer Brothers for your goods, if you would buy to save money. They sell dry goods, groceries, notions, &c., cheaper than elsewhere, and always a full stock on hand.

——Our Loop correspondent sends the following:

BREVITIES.——Petty thieving is rampant .....If you catch a man in your corn-crib, at the unseasonable hour of midnight, is that a sign that he is going to steal your corn? Not a bit of it.....The inclement weather, for the past week or two, has seriously interfered with the progress of religious revivals.....Leonard Rhone's inventive genious, is never asleep. He has just completed a wood-saw, which he thinks will astonish the natives. Wood chopping, has no further aches for him..... The "spook" sensation, has about died out. A lighted tallow-dip, may do to scare immaginative people, but it won't scare sensible beings worth a red.....Jewhelljkens! if the "pedal extremities" of the "Ferguson teacher," are as big and strong, as the Jaw-breaking expletives which he hurls at the head of the Loop reporter, they must be about the size of a coal-bucket, and smell stronger than a rotten herring.....'Cuba or bust," is the motto of that Potter twp. teacher, who drilled his scholars on New Years Day. War to the knife, and knife to the hilt, will be the rallying cry of the "Black Hawke".....It is said, that putty is an excellent substitute for brains, and as we know of several persons who are sadly deficient in this organ, we would recommend about six pounds to each individual, it might restore lost equilibrium.....What next?

——GERMAN EXHIBITION.—The Millheim, Aaronsburg, and Pennscreek German-evening schools, will give a public entertainment, under the supervision of their able and efficient teacher, Robert Miller, in the town hall at Millheim, on Saturday evening, January 31st, 1874. The exercises will consist of addresses, essays, vocal, and instrumental music. Our readers will remember of a similar entertainment given, three years ago to a large audience and from there all returned well pleased.

——UNFORTUNATE.—Mr. Lawback (Edward) of near Hublersburg, lost a valuable horse about a week ago.

——We had about three inches of snow on Tuesday night.

——Mr. Young, of Mifflinburg, we are told, intends having the old Hubler store stand in Haines twp., started up again.

——The farmers around Hublersburg are not troubled with the chicken disease, but with chicken thieves. A party of young men are in the habit of sneaking through the neighborhood in the night and stealing the chickens from the roost. Farmers Swartz and Thompson caught several of the "Skunks" last Saturday night almost in the very act. They followed the two legged foxes, with their rifles, but were a little too late. They are patiently waiting for them to "call again" when they will give them a warm reception with powder and shot. Let them try it again.

——See the notice in another column of the Tribune extras, containing valuable lectures by the most eminent scientific men of the age, which are thus brought within the reach of the poorest.

——The Burrell School House, Lamar District, Clinton Co., was set on fire last week, and burned to the ground, comsuming all the books and aparatus belonging to the school, and Teacher. An east end chap remarks, that there is consolation in the thought, that if school is ever held in that locality again, the teacher and community will enjoy the blessing of a new order of books.

——The Booneville band entertained the valley folks with music on new years eve whilst serenading the newly married couple Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kleckner, at the residence of the bridegroom near Logan Mills. They furnished excellant music and also did equal justice to the bountiful repast set before them by the happy bride-groom.

——Quite a large number of wild turkeys have been killed recently in the Sugar and Brush valley woods, some hunters having killed as high as six and seven separately, and yet they are seen daily in flocks wandering about through the woods.

BARN BURNT.—On Saturday evening last, a short time after dark, the barn on the old homestead of Abraham Mease, deceasd, now in possession of Lewis M. Snyder, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Snyder was at home at the time, and says he had been in the barn looking after his horses just a short time before he discovered the fire. Everything in the barn was destroyed excepting the live stock, which was all got out. About 1100 bushels of oats, 500 bushels of corn in the ears, 100 bushels of wheat, and some rye, and from 20 to 25 tons of hay, together with all such farm implements, gears, etc., as are usually kept in a barn, were destroyed. There was an insurance of $3,000 on the barn, stock, etc., in the Farmers Mutual of Danville.—*Selinsgrove Times.*

Traverse Jurors—1st week January Term 1874.

Bellefonte Boro.—John P. Harris, John Wagner, John Irvin jr., Wm. S. Tripple, A. S. Valentine, and Geo. W. Jackson.
Milesburg Boro.—E C Carr, Wm H Kerlin.
Philipsburg Boro—John Bradin, John S Gray.
Benner twp—John Lutz, Jos M Wilson.
Boggs—John Resides, James Lingle.
Curtin—John M Dalley.
Ferguson—Peter Lauck, James Dunlap, Jos B Ard, Wells Gardner, Henry Krebs, H Y Meek.
Gregg—Luther Rishel, Wm Heckman.
Half Moon—Wm L Wilson.
Harris—Evan Williams, Geo Kerlin, Adam Stover.
Haines—Geo B Stover, Henry Reinhart, H H Weaver, J C Motz, Wm C Warntz, Emanuel Musser.
Howard—Ruben Pletcher, Micheal Pletcher.
Huston—Wm Turner.
Liberty—Wilson Clark, H A Snyder, David Robb.
Miles—George Weaver.
Penn—John Bracht.
Potter—John Rishel, John Boozer.
Spring—George Valentine, Jeremiah Eckenroth.
Union—Jacob Tayler.
Walker—James Huston.
Worth—Samuel Stevens.

List of Jurors 2d Week January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—John W Moore, John Moran, Edward Graham, Edward Brown.
Milesburg Boro—Wm Boggs.
Unionville Boro—John H Snipley.
Boggs twp—P W Barnhart, James Iddings.
Burnside—Fred Carson.
Furguson—Bigler Meek, Samuel Musser, Peter Kechline, Wm E Burchfield.
Haines—Samuel M Motz.
Howard—Hiram Lucus, Samuel Kline, Jonathan Schneck.
Half Moon—Samuel Martin.
Huston—Scott Williams.
Liberty—Michael Schdeck, Jos B Hall.
Marion—Ira C Johnston.
Miles—Abs Harter, Jeremiah Haines.
Potter—James Runkle, David Guise, J G Carson.
Penn—E C Campbell.
Snow Shoe—R H Roach, Calvin Rankin.
Spring—Charles Eckenroth.
Tayler—Wm Merryman, Geo Merryman.
Walker—Soloman Peck, David Dunkle.
Worth—Henry W Hoover.

List of Grand Jurors for January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—H H Rothrock, David Bartley, Fred Smith.
Milesburg Boro—David Furey.
Boggs twp—Henry Homan.
Gregg—David Runkle, John Coldren.
Harris—Joseph Baker, Perry Kreamer, Isaac Woomer, Geo Wasson.
Howard—Wm H Neff, R C Leathers.
Huston—Jno J Thompson, Jno Q Miles.
Miles—John Wolf, John B Shaffer.
Potter—John W Conley.
Penn—J H Reifsnyder.
Snow Shoe—Samuel Y Lucas, Wm Askey.
Spring—John Noll, Jas R Alexander Joseph Ross.

Trial List—1st week, Jan. Term.

Jas Smith use of &c vs R K Nelson
Isaac Haupt vs Cleavland & Fleming
Henry Snyder use of vs Alex Knoll
A T Moorhead vs E & G Hastings
Commonwealth Pa vs H Brockerhoff
W L Wilson vs Henry Stephens
J & G Frazier vs Hale & Co
John Hoy vs Williams & Cox
Etnier & Foust vs Edw'd A Green & co
First Nat bank of Huntingdon vs Edw Green & Co
First Nat Bank of Huntingdon vs Jos Green & Geo Eby
Jas P Coburn vs Geo Vonada et al
John Duke vs Jas P Smith
Mary Ackers Adams vs Robert Cooke
Geo Durst vs J B Solt et al
Mark G Williams vs Penn'a R R Co
John D Gardner vs D J Richards
Lloyd Caldwell & co vs J V Thomas & Co
Jos Alexander vs Penn'a R R Co
Amelia Royer vs John W Sholl

Trial List—2nd Week.

Josiah Stahl vs R H Downing et al
Jos Wilkinson vs J W Scott et al
Illman Winters vs same
John Warren vs same
James Fox vs same
Cyrus Michaels vs same
James Sutherland vs same
C H Huston vs same
J A Winters vs same
G G Winters vs same
Andrew Gardner vs same
J W Woods vs same
Lewis Dunkle vs same
John Frost vs same
Milliken, Hoover & Co use of vs Jos Underwoods adm'rs
Fillmore Neveling vs J W Scott et al
John M Lest vs same
John Sheridan vs same
Agnew M'Henny vs Wm Young et al
Martin Houser vs Penn'a RR co
Jonathan Kreamer trustee Co vs Ira Ayres
Cyrus Wasson et al vs J C Decker et al
Wm M Lyon et al vs Henry Youngling
Fulghman heirs vs B F Shaffer
Agnew M'Henny vs Samuel Homan
E Morris vs Penn'a RR Co
Geo W Jackson vs same
Wm Young et al vs Cline Quigley
E P Jones vs Penn'a RR co
John Kline vs same
Norwood coal & Lumber co vs Jno Elisha & Co
P McCafferys vs David Harter
Keller Staurt & co vs Jno I Thompson
E Elliot vs Wm L Musser
Philip DeHaasys Pa RR co.

The impression prevails in Washington that the Senate intends to stifle all measures looking to a return to the original Congressional salary.

——Mecholls, who was hanged the other day, smoked a cigar until the loop was put around his neck when the sheriff had to take it from his mouth, and a few days before he threw a dish of stew in the milkers face.

For the Reporter.

CHRISTMAS EVENING IN HUBLERSBURG.

Christmas is always a season of rejoicing especially to the young. It was such, at least, to the people of Hublersburg and vicinity. At an early hour the doors of the Presbyterian church were open and invited young and old to come. Long before the hour for the opening of the exercises had arrived, the house was full almost to overflowing. The object, which most attracted attention, was a large Christmas tree, well laden with nice and good things, and beautifully lighted with wax tapers. This tree was a friend to all; it bore gifts for old and young, the rich and poor, irrespective of name or denomination. It was, therefore, emblematical of the coming of Christ our Saviour. He came to save all. The rich and poor, young and old, black and white; all can come and partake of the gifts which He brought with him to this sinful world. This Christmas tree, of which we have been speaking, bore some very valuable gifts, of which the writer of these lines and his family received their full share, and for which the kind friends will please accept our sincere thanks. May God bless you richly, for your kindness to his servant for supplying his wants. The speakers on this occasion were Rev. M. Condit, of the Presbyterian church; Rev. J. A. Bright, of the Lutheran church, and Rev. J. Longsdorf, of the Evangelical Association. Rev. M. Sloat, of the last named denomination was also invited to attend, but could not, on account of previous engagements. Rev. Condit directed his remarks principally to the old folks,—heads of families. He spoke with much earnestness of the vital importance of not neglecting the training of the youthful mind. He advocated the doctrine of the wise man, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." [Prov. 22:6.] He also spoke of the Sabbath school,—the right arm of the church, as being next to the family, the place where this training should be carried on, and of the responsibility which rests upon those who engage in this work. His remark "take care of the babies, and the men will take care of themselves," was certainly very true. By the way, we hope Rev. Condit may have his share of babies to take care of.

Revs. Bright and Longsdorf also spoke a short time. They adopted the *Socratic* method, and by it accomplished their ends It was astonishing to all present to hear how readily the children answered the questions put to them. Their answers were not such as you generally receive from children, but intelligent and sensible. The writer does not hesitate in asserting that there is not another Sabbath school in Nattany Valley, and very few in Centre Co., that will "out-answer" the Union Sabbath Schools of Hublersburg; and for all this we must thank the efficient Superintendent, Mr. John Divens, and his able corps of teachers. All honor to them for their noble efforts in teaching the young the word of God, which maketh wise unto salvation. But we must not forget those three little girls who "capped the climax" by coming forward on the stage, and without any assistance, scarcely, singing that beautiful infant Sabbath school hymn, "I am Jesus' Little Lamb." O, how sweet! If any part of the exercises of the evening were more pleasing to God than the others, it was the sweet singing of these three little girls. Yes, they were truly the "Little Lambs" of Jesus' flock; and it was to such that He referred when he said, "suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, &c." Go on little girls in the good work of praising your Redeemer—soon He will send his angels to take you home to Himself, where you will become lambs of that large flock "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Now a few closing remarks. We found only one objection to all the exercises of the evening, and it was the coming into the house of God, a character who was named "Kris Kingle," or "Belsnickle," as he is sometimes called. Now this we thought, and do still think so, was altogether uncalled for, and very inappropriate on such an occasion, viz.: The celebration of the advent of our blessed Saviour. God was certainly not pleased with this part of the exercises, it is impossible. The appearance of this character in God's house remember, where his name is recorded, and where honor dwelleth, did not make the desired impression. We feel it our duty as God's servant, to make these remarks. We make them in love; we make them for the good of us all, and for the glory of God. May they have their desired effect. J. A. B.

LETTER FROM LENA, ILL.

LENA, ILL., Jan. 6th, 1874.

EDITOR REPORTER:—It seems some of the people of your town and neighborhood are very much concerned about my welfare, and are anxious to know whether I am dead or alive. Many no doubt preferring the latter. By your permission I would say to them through your paper that I am as live a man as lives in a live town in the lively west. And I can vouch for every one being alive that reads the REPORTER. Now as the Holidays are over our town is again assuming a business-like appearance. Hundreds of teams are to be seen our streets daily, laden with the products of the broad and fertile prairies, waiting their turn to be unloaded at the spacious elevators where they meet good markets. After purchasing a few of the necessary articles of life they return home with a full pocket book to make glad the hearts of their wife and little ones. But the farmers are not the only ones that enjoy themselves, as we were convinced on Christmas eve, when looking over the vast audience that crowded the Lutheran church in our town, there were two very fine evergreen trees, beautifully ornamented, and laden with choice and precious gifts, amounting to seven hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-five cents. What joy was pictured on every countenance as the gifts were called off and passed to the owner!—amongst the rest the worthy Pastor, Rev. Tressler, was not forgotten, receiving for himself and family two sewing machines, a baby perambulator, some clothing and a purse of forty dollars. The next entertainment was on Friday night, Dec. 27th, a public installation of the officers of Lena Lodge, and chapter of Royal Arch Masons, which was enjoyed by a full house.

Having a few days of leisure time, I paid a visit to Orangeville, where I met a host of my acquaintances and found them all enjoying themselves, and all giving the Reporter the credit of their success. On Monday night I accompanied Mr. Chas. Musser to a grand concert, (which was given for the benefit of the church) under the management of the very accomplished and successful music teacher, Miss Jennie Coats, assisted by Miss Lucy Wasser, both formerly of Spring Mills, Centre Co. The singers as well as the Excelsior brass band of Orangeville, did themselves credit. That part of our county is settled principally by Pennsylvanians, amongst which are the Messrs. Musser, who are doing a thriving mercantile business, their sales footing up from sixty to eighty thousand dollars per annum. While some are merchants others are very successful farmers, raising abundant crops, especially of hogs George told me he could raise from one to two hundred per acre, by simply planting the tails in rows about six feet apart, they would produce from five to fifteen good, healthy pigs to the hill; as a hogist, Geo. is a success. I saw them kill and manufacture five large fat ones into sausage, and had about ten thousand lbs. yet in the pen, for which he refused five dollars and fifteen cents per hundred, live weight. George and his brothers are not only good farmers, but they are also good marksmen as the fruits of their labor showed when returning from a hunting expedition in Wisconsin, where their unerring rifles brought down ten fine large deer.

But, with all the pleasure I enjoyed among my old school mates in that neighborhood, I was shocked to learn that one of them, Mr. Miles Hanna, committed suicide on the 13th of Dec., by cutting his throat while laboring under a temporary aberation of mind. Mr. Hanna lived to express his regret for the rash act. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end. After spending a week with my associates, I returned on Saturday through the mud, via Freeport, where I met my friends Drs. McKim and Stiver, both looking as though they would be happier if they would take to themselves another rib. After spending a half hour with them, I took the train for Lena and found it in the same place.

BUNKUM.

For the Reporter.

MR. EDITOR:—Accompanied by Mr. W. Royer, Secretary of school board, we visited the schools of this place; we first entered the primary taught by Miss Laura Barnhart, and found her school in good order and doing well. We next stopped at No. 2, taught by Mr. Calvin Harper, and found that gentleman in good spirits and doing, we think, very well; after a short conversation with him we stepped into the Grammar School, taught by P. J. Leitzell; we were very much pleased to see the condition of his school, we found the room neat and clean, and very good order preserved; we do think that Mr. Leitzell is making an effort to gain a reputation for his school, and also to advance his pupils as fast as possible. Hoping that the parents will by all the means in their power sustain him, we wish him success.

S. S. F.

——The Farmers Club of Potter Township met at Centre Hill, Jan. 3, 1874, and were organized by appointing Geo. Hoffer Chairman. The first question, What benefits are derived from fall plowing, was opened by Peter Hoffer, followed by J. H. Keller, Adam Rankin, David Gilliland, Geo. Odenkirk, and others. The following Resolution was then adopted: Resolved, that the club consider fall plowing a benefit on very heavy clay soil; but on light or loamy soils it may be injurious. The second question "What breed of cattle are best adapted to this locality," was opened by Lenard Rhone, followed by Messrs. Gilliland, Hoffer, Boal, Rankin and others, a majority of the speakers prefered the *Devon* Cattle. Third question, "What breed of horses are best adapted to this locality," opened by David Gilliland, followed by ". ". Keller Wm. Spangler and J. K. Runkle—the English draft horse seemed to be the favorite.—The Executive committee then reported the following questions for discussion at the next meeting.

1st. Would it be a benefit to the club to have a recorder of stock for sale, belonging to members of the club.

2nd. What are the advantages of raising clover and timothy relatively.

3rd. Should farmers join the *Patrons of Husbandry*.

On motion the club adjourned to meet at Pine Grove School House, the 4th Saturday of January at 1 o'clock P. M.

JAMES A. KELLER, Sec'y.

And now Cushing's nomination for Chief Justice is giving trouble. Many of the radical senators will not vote for his confirmation, because of his having once been a democrat. Grant can't keep his congress under his thumb any more; it went back on him on Williams, and won't obey him on Cushing. The radical party is fast going to decay, and this chief justice matter is a good sign of it.

The lower house, at Harrisburg, on 8th, passed the following:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, That it is the true intent and meaning of the new Constitution that the first session of the General Assembly elected under its provisions begins on the first Tuesday of January, 1875, and the members of the House of Representatives thereof shall be elected at the general election of 1874.

The vote stood—Ayes, 94; nays, 2.

AN INTERESTING COLLOQUY BETWEEN MESSRS. TIPTON AND SHERMAN.

The following interesting little talk took place between two radical senators a few days ago:

Mr. Sherman said he would vote for the amendment, as he could stand the smaller pay as well as the other Senators.

Mr. Tipton said he hardly knew how to express himself in parliamentary language as to the desire of Senators to accomplish indirectly that which they cannot accomplish directly. The gentleman from Ohio (Sherman) said he could stand living on a small salary. Perhaps he can, when the last documeut which comes to my table (producing a paper) speaks of men like Sherman of Ohio, the head of the Finance Committee, now a millionaire, who came into Congress poor.

Mr. Sherman—I ask the Senator from Nebraska if that is true?

Mr. Tipton—I know nothing about it, I give it as I get it.

Mr. Sherman—Well, Mr. President, that is grossly unsenaterial and grossly false. The Senator who introduced that statement here violates his duty as a Senator, and deserves the condemnation of all his fellow Senators.

Mr. Tipton said he did not think it discreditable to read the fact. It was not discreditable to the gentleman, as others had come to the Senate poor and are now rich. He meant nothing against the character or integrity of the Senator from Ohio.

A bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the appointment of a Railroad Commissioner, who shall revise and regulate freights and tariffs on railways. This is understood to be a Granger movement, and a strong opposition to its passage by the railroad interests, is predicted.

The Supreme Court of the State of Texas has decided adversely to the election law framed by the Thirteenth Legislature, under the provisions of which the recent election was held. This decision annuls the late election, and retains in office the Thirteenth Legislature and the present Governor, Governor Davis. There is great excitement in Texas over this decision, and an open outbreak in some quarters is apprehended. Louisiana may be duplicated in Texas.

The bill repealing the Bankrupt Law, which passed the lower house of Congress the other day, provides that cases now in the process of adjudication shall not be affected by such repeal, and that the law shall be continued, so far as these cases are concerned, until adjudication shall have been accomplished. It also reduces the fees of officials under the Bandrupt Law in such cases fifty per cent.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Pennsylvania railroad are just now having a lively quarrel.—The result is the passenger fare between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh has been reduced to $7, and between Pittsburgh and Baltimore to $4.—How long this child's play will last of course no one can tell.

RUNAWAY ENGINE.—Yesterday fooe-noon Engine No. 128, N. C. R. W., left the yard at Sunbury with a full head of steam, (how it happened we have not learned) and without engineer, fireman or tender sped away up the road. It seemed scarce five minutes from the time the officers along the line were notified until it passed Lewisburg like a meteor. The operator at Milton received orders to open the switch. In two minutes after the runaway came bounding along at a fearful pace. Leaving the track at the open switch just above Broadway it bunsped along over the sills for almost two squares before is came to a halt. The track was knocked out of joint, the sills splintered and huge stones which lay between the tracks were thrown in every direction. We noticed one weighing upwards of fifty pounds which had been thrown across the road against the fence. The Engine was soon surrounded by a crowd of persons drawn thither by the noise of the accident and the fire was drawn. The gague indicated 148 lbs of steam—enough to run it to Muncy. Strange to say the engine suffered but little damage to its machinery although the cow-catcher and forward truck were completely demolished. The Elmira mail east which was due in a few minutes after the accident was detained but a short time, being able to pass around the obstruction on the siding belonging to the Car Works.

From the story of the engineer of No 128, it appears that the train was about pulling out of the yard, the fireman being on board. The engineer was walking to the engine from the office where he had gone for orders. The fireman stepped back on to the tender to take up the signal flags as the engineer was about to step on the engine. At this moment the coupling broke throwing the fireman back on the tender and the engineer to one side, stunning them boath for a moment. When they recovered the engine was rushing away beyond their reach, and all they could do was to go into the telegraph office and give warning of the runaway.—*Miltonian of Saturday.*

AGASSIZ AND HAYDEN.

The Tribune "Extra," No. 14, now ready, contains:

Prof. Agassiz's Amazon Expedition,
(Six lectures on the Valley of the Amazon, first delivered in New-York in 1867, and now published in complete form for the first time.)

The Hayden Colorado Expedition of 1873.
(Letters by Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale College, and Review by Prof. F. V. Hayden.)

New Route to Yellowstone Park.
(Expedition of Capt. W. A. Jones from Fort Bridger, W. T.)

Price 10 cents; 20 copies for $1 50.

Tribune "Extras," No. 8 (Agassiz's twelve lectures on the Method of Creation); No. 10 (Proceedings of the Portland Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science); and No. 14, by mail, to any address, for 25 cents. The entire series of 14 Extras now published, sent by mail to any address in the United States for One Dollar. Circulars giving full details of the contents of each extra, sent free.

Address THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

LARGE FIRE IN HELENA, MON.

The City almost Totally Destroyed.

Salt Lake, January 9.—It is reported here that Helena, Mon., is nearly destroyed by a fire which commenced this morning in Chinatown at half-past six o'clock and swept away nearly the whole city. The International and Cosmepolitan hotels, the First National Bank, and every frame building on Main street above the St. Louis Hotel have gone. Yan's & Blein's large fire-proof store and the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company are destroyed. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and nothing could stop the progress of the flames.

GREAT RAILWAL PROJECT.

Represen tative Hurlburt, of Illinois, member of the Committee on Railways and Canals, introduced a bill, the features of which he foreshadowed at the meeting of the friends of cheap transportation for the construction of a double track freight railway from New York to Council Bluffs with branches to Chicago and St. Louis, the railway to be constructed and operated by a corporation under the auspices of the General Government and controlled by a Board of Commissioners, the rates for transportation on cereals to be fixed at five mills per ton per mile for any distance over seven hundred and fifty miles, the entire length of the road being fifteen hundred miles; for shorter distances than seven hundred and fifty miles, the rates are to be a little more than five mills per ton per mile. The road is to be operated exclusively as a freight road for cereals, stock and other productions. Trains will move at the quickest but most economical rate of speed which will be at least ten miles an hour. The cost of the road is estimated at one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, including necessary rolling stock.

Government aid is suggested in a guarantee of five per cen. interest on thirty million bonds. The tapacity of the road will be sixty thousand tons a day each way. The commissioners are to fix the various rates of transportation and make suitable provision for the care and safety of freight carried. When the road shall earn beyond what is necessary for the payment of the interest on the capital stock and eight per cent. dividend, the rates of freight originally established are to be reduced.

It is considered probable that a new election will be ordered in Louisiana.

It is stated that Secretary Robeson has enlisted, in positive violation of the law, 1,500 extra seamen.

SCRIBNER FOR 1874.

The unexampled favor accorded to the Magazine by the public, enables us to enter upon the coming year with the means of making it more attractive and valuable than ever before to its large and increasing number of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The Serial Story of the year,

Katherine Earle,

by Miss Trafton, is a charming Love Story by a gifted writer, which is destined to a wide popularity.

There will be brilliant novelties and the best short stories, By Bret Harte, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, and other delightful story-tellers.

A series of striking and unique Poems, with illustrations, "OLD TIME MUSIC," by Benj. F. Taylor, known for his brilliant contributions to the Western Press, will sing to us again the music of the Spinning Wheel, The Flail, The Stage Coach, The Mill etc.

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of American Authors; Papers on Dairy Farming and Stock Raising in Europe, on Household Decoration and Furniture, besides more than fifty other illustrated Articles are now in preparation.

THE SPLENDID SERIES
"THE GREAT SOUTH,"

the most important and expensive series of illustrated Papers ever undertaken by any Magazine, will be continued through the year. In the December Number we complete the papers on Louisiana. The next in order will be The Lone Star State; The Mountain Regions of the South; The Iron Regions of Missouri, &c., &c. These with the Essays and Editorial Discussions of Literature, Science and Art, Sketches of Travel, occasional Poems and Etchings, will make up a Magazine of Christian Literature designed to be

"The Best in the World."

The December Number (now ready) has an able Article on the Resumption of Specie Payment, by Dr. Atwater, Poems by Bret. Harte, MacDonal and others. The continuation of the Serial Stories, Splendid Illustrations of New Orleans, the Paris of America, etc.

Editorials by a large and able corps of writers, Topics of the Time by Dr. Holland, in which he replies to "Some Religious Newspapers," a laughable Etching, &c., &c., is entertaining number.

The Holiday No. of St. Nicholas,

our Splendid New Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, the finest ever issued, will be sent to all the Subscriber's Monthly for 1874. Also the November and December numbers of St. Nicholas sent free to those who subscribe for both Magazines. The July number of Scribner's Monthly contained the Introductory Article of the Great South Series, sent to subscribers to Scribner who request it in making their subscriptions.

Scribner's Monthly $4.00, St. Nicholas $3.00 a year, or $7.00 for both. SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 Broadway.

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS.

Just received another new lot of Beaver Cloth, Petersham, and other overcoats, which are offered at decided bargains. Also clothing of all kinds for men and boys. Boots, Shoes, &c., at prices to suit buyers, at the Clothing Store, Milroy, Pa.

Z. B. Krise & Bro dec25 3t

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White 67 heat $1 50, Red 145....Rye..... 60.....Corn 50 ....Oats 35.....Barley 80. 70....Cloverseed 4,50.....Potatoes 50 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 30.....Eggs 30. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 7 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts. per.....Flour per barrel retail 8,50.. wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

Corrected by John M'Dowel, Grain Merchant.

White wheat 1,40....Red wheat 1 35....Rye 60.....Corn 50.....Oats 35.....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack,..... Bacon 7c.....Ham 15.....Butter 25... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $5.50 oct30,9t

Cincinnati, December 26.—A special dispatch from Dobson, Montgomery county, Ohio, says that at a shooting match near there, yesterday, two brothers, John and Henry Stone, quarreled about loading a rifle. John called Henry a liar, when Henry drew a revolver and shot and killed John. The spectators being much excited, caught and hung Henry to a tree, when taken down life was extinct. Too much whisky caused it all.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Of the great painter, Sir Edwin Landseer, the Imperial Biography of Art says: "No English painter has been more popular, and none—except Sir Thomas Lawrence—has received such immense sums for his works. For the copyright of some of his pictures he obtained £5,000 ($15,000) in addition to the original price of the picture. It was a master stroke when the publishers of The Christian at Work presented the triple combination of a magnificent chromo (about two by two and a half feet in size) of Landseer's great painting of dogs and sheep—'The Twins'—with Talmage as editor of their paper, and Spurgeon as special contributor. They deserve success, and will get it. Write to them, at 102 Chambers street, N. Y., for sample copies and terms. Agents wanted. See their advertisement."

MARRIAGES.

On Christmas, Miss Hellen Crandel and John Miller, all of Snow Shoe.

On Sunday, 28th ult., Miss Ellen McKinney and Samuel Mooney, all of Snow Shoe.

On the 23d ult., by Friends ceremony, T. Wilson Way and Annie A. Sellers, both of Half Moon twp.

On the 31st ult., Mr. Tall Lewis and Mrs. Fannie Reikard, both of Powelton.

On the 23d ult., Mr. Shadrach Parson and Miss Sarah Irwin, both of this county.

On 21st ult., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Jacob Wingert and Miss Rebecca Bechtel, both of Potter twp.

On the 23d ult., by Rev. Wm. M. Landis, Mr. Samuel G. Clark of Lycoming co., to Miss Clara Foot, of Millheim this county.

On the 28th ult., by the same, at the residence of bride's father, Mr. Aaron D. Kleckner, to Miss Caroline Strohecker, both of Sugar valley, Clinton co.

On the 4th inst., by the same, at the Reformed Parsonage at Rebersburg, Mr. John W. Snyder, to Miss Sophia E. Kahl, both of Sugar valley, Clinton co.

[Clinton co. papers please copy.]

DEATHS.

On the 9th ult., John P. Kahl, of Sugar valley, aged 83 years 11 months 17 days.

On the 28th ult., near Pine Grove Mills, Mr. John Bloom, aged 78 years.

T. N. WOLFE. J. R. WOLFE.

T. N. WOLFE & BRO.,
Wolfe's Store, Pa.

Have on hand and offer for sale, at a very low price,

100,000 Pine Shingles, 26 inch,
for CASH, reasonable time or any kind of Grain, Seed, or Produce. jan15-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Ertle, of Gregg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement. JOHN RISHEL,
Administrator.
jan 15-6t.

TAKE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that my Vendue notes will be left in the hands of David Henney, at Potter's Mills, where such as are interested will please and make payment inside of four weeks from this date, Jan. 1. Mr. David Henney will be ready to meet all such, on the 24th and 30th days of January 1874. Persons paying their notes in said time will save costs. LAMBERT J. NOLL.
8 Jan. 4t.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given, that on the 31st of December A. D. 1873 the Copartnership of Miller and Colyer known under the name of Centre Mills Company, for the making of all kinds of lumber has been mutually dissolved, and that the business will be carried on at the mill of sawing and planing floor boards, siding, and facing by J. Keller Miller, in whose hands books and papers are left.

Thankful for past favors, I ask the continued patronage of the public. Those indebted to said firm, will please make settlement.

J. KELLER MILLER,
Jan8 4t. WILLIAM COLYER.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias, levari facias and venditioni exponas, there will be exposed to public sale at the court house, in Bellefonte, on Monday the 26th day of January, A. D. 1874, at 1 o'clock, the following described real estate to wit:

All the right title and interest of defendant in a certain lot of ground situate in Potter twp Centre county, beginning at a stone at the north east of land of the Boozers, thence by mountain land south 57½ deg.,. west 70 perches to a stone thence by land of Margaret Gregg, south 28¼ degrees east, 11 3-10 per to a stone, thence by land of Jno Boozer, north 57½ deg. west 72 3-10 per to a stone;

Farm, Garden and Household.

Premium Potatoes.

The New York *Tribune* says: We lately interviewed a practical farmer who for several years past has taken the first prize for his potatoes. In reply to inquiries as to his mode of operations, he said that the largest and best shaped tubers are always selected for planting at digging-time the previous year; and he finds that they have been gradually increasing in size until his potatoes are now enormous. Sod ground is chosen for the crop; it is very carefully and deeply plowed, and thoroughly pulverized with the spike harrow. Previous to breaking up, however, the whole surface is heavily manured, and this manure raked into the furrow as the plow passes round. The tubers are cut into quarters a few days before planting, and dropped in the rows sixteen or eighteen inches apart. The rows are struck out with the plow about three feet distant, and the seed is covered with a good depth of soil. A roller passed over the ground, leveling and smoothing the surface, to be followed in a short time by the spike harrow. As soon as the young plants appear above the ground the cultivator is started and kept going frequently throughout the growing season. Every weed is pulled up as soon as it makes its appearance; for, to use his own expression, he is "too poor to grow weeds." As the plants wax strong, slight furrows are thrown up to them with a small plow, and these are still further increased afterward by a repetition of the same process. In digging, great care is taken not to skin or bruise the tubers, but to handle them all carefully, and this enables the owner to preserve them much better than the careless farmer who throws his potatoes about as if they were cobble stones. This is the only magic he employs. Careful choice of seed, thorough preparation of the soil, frequent stirring of the surface, and total extinction of weeds—these are the secrets of his success.

The Fattening of Sheep.

Mr. L. A. Morrell read before the American Farmers' Club a paper on the "Fattening of Sheep," in which he said: Quietness is indispensable to rapid fattening of sheep, cattle, and swine, and to contribute as much as possible to this end, regularity is requisite, not only in the quantity of the food but the time in which it is given. It is not a little surprising how quick animals, especially when fattening, will learn the stated hours when their food is to be supplied; and if it is transgressed, they become restless, which, to a certain degree, retards the process. The observance of this, with full measure of food, is of paramount importance.

Again, it is essential that the sheds or buildings in which they are confined should be often supplied with fresh litter, and plenty of it; in short, everything must be done to promote complete rest and contentment.

Sheep, when fattening, should not be fed oftener than three times a day, namely, at sunrise, at noon, and an hour before sunset. The interim between feedings will enable them to fill themselves leisurely, and to have time sufficient for that quiet digestion which is interrupted by more frequent feeding. Water should be given without limitation, and that immediately after meals.

The Profit of Cow-Keeping.

Before the American Farmers' Club was read a communication from E. D. Stoddard, Pultneyville, Wayne county, N. Y.:

I will ask and answer the question, Does it pay for a poor man to keep a cow?

Debit.		Credit.	
Cost April 1, 1873..	$30 50	To calf fatted..	$20 00
Interest on cost....	1 09	Butter—for family	
Pasturing eleven weeks.....	11 00	thirty-two weeks, four and a half pounds per week, 144 pounds at 30 cents.....	43 20
One and a half tons of hay.....	22 50	Butter—left on hand, 63 pounds..	18 90
Thirty-six bundles of oats.....	1 25	Milk used in family, one and a half quarts per day...	16 86
Two loads of pumpkins.....	4 00	Milk sold..	12 00
Three loads of corn.	2 00	Present value of cow, fat, and shall sell to butcher for beef Dec. 1.	50 00
Grain and other feed.....	32 00		
Medicine.....	1 00		
Total.....	$105 34	Total.....	$160 90
		Deduct.....	105 34
		Profit.....	$55 56

In this reckoning I have said nothing of the value of sour milk or labor. The cow is an old one, no front teeth, and had fodder cut and was well cared for; was very poor in spring—is in excellent condition now for beef. I have milked, fed and fatted her to the present time.

How to Cure Split Hoof.

I had a horse that had both hoofs split from top to bottom. He could not walk without his feet spreading apart. I kept him for three months on straw one foot deep in the stable, but all did no good. At last I went to the blacksmith shop and had heavy shoes made which spread wide at the heels. To these heavy shoes thare was welded, at the outside of each heel, a piece made of shoe mail iron. These pieces were made to fit well round the foot, about an inch below the hair. I let the pieces come together within half an inch each, and turned up about three-fourths of an inch. In the turned-up part a hole was made to receive a bolt an inch long, with a square head and screw and nut on the other end. On nailing the shoe on and putting the bolt in and screwing on the nut the foot was brought together. In this way I was enabled to work him every day if I wished. Previous to this my horse had not walked one mile in three months. Next day after I had the shoes put on I drove him in a carriage twenty miles, and I have used him right along.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

How to Estimate the Weight of Live Hogs.

The following rule for estimating the weight of live hogs we find in the *National Live Stock Journal:* "From the first 100 pounds deduct 25 pounds from gross; from the second 100 pounds deduct 62½; all over the third 100 is net. Thus a hog of 200 pounds, live weight, will give 156½ net weight, and, as a rule, 43¾ pounds should be allowed for shrinkage on every hog of 300 pounds or over. A hog of 100 pounds will net 75 pounds; and of 150 pounds 118¾; one of 200 pounds 162½; one of 250 pounds 209¼." This, of course, is only as close an approximation as can be given for the general average of hogs as brought to market. If they are thin there is more shrinkage, if large and well fatted, and especially if pure bred, they will often shrink even less. We have known instances where the shrinkage amounted to only one-sixteenth of the live weight.

Wintering Bees.

In an article in the November number of the *National Bee Journal*, Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, the editor, says: Give them plenty of honey, but not too much, empty space to cluster in, and keep them dry as well as warm. For us a dry cellar is the best place, others find rooms above ground as good. Be sure that there is room between the bottom of combs and the honey-board. Near the last of November, remove them to the cellar or house, leaving them in perfect darkness and undisturbed till spring. Allow at least twenty pounds of honey to a hive wintered in the cellar, weighing the first of November, and much more if left out of doors. If bees have not that amount, feed them at once until they have; they do much better if fed while they can fly freely.

A Nashville printer recently had some very bad manuscript copy to set up. Every word needed close study before its meaning could be guessed at, but at length two or three words came in succession, which it was quite impossible to decipher. All hands in the office tried and failed, until at length the printer, in despair, set up "copy books ten cents each," and continued the work, afterwards sending the proof to the author for correction. The hint was taken, and the author employed an amanuensis.

Innocently Executed.

One of the most notable executions that ever occurred in Kentucky, says the Louisville *Journal*, was the hanging of Captain William P. King and Abraham Owens, at Franklin, in June, 1867. King was the leader of a gang of thieves who stopped several trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and robbed the passengers, and Owens was a member of King's gang. The two were convicted of murdering Harvey King, a half-witted brother of Captain King, and it was asserted that the murder was committed through fear that the half-witted brother would expose the robbers.

The day on which the hanging took place was intensely hot, and the crowd in front of the gallows, suffering under the blazing sun, grew impatient at the seemingly interminable speeches of the doomed men, who again and again reiterated their innocence, and called upon God to witness the truth of what they said. The Sheriff was at length forced to admonish them, and they stopped and made ready to die. The body of King twitched horribly after being swung off, and he appeared to die hard. Owens struggled some, but did not suffer so much as his companion. Everybody familiar with the trial seemed to feel almost certain that the men were guilty, but their almost frantic assertions of innocence did not fail to make an impression.

Some time ago a man by the name of Evans was lynched in Kansas, and a report of the lynching in one of the Kansas papers alleged that before his death he made a confession, in which he said he had once committed a murder in Kentucky, for which two men had been hanged. It is now said that the Evans who was lynched in Kansas was one of the principal witnesses against King and Owens, and that they are the persons referred to by him in his confession. Should these statements turn out to be true, they will be likely to cause unpleasant feelings in Simpson county. It is to be hoped that this publication may lead to an investigation that will give us trustworthy information.

A Clerical Charmer.

Burleigh writes from New York to the Boston *Journal:* "One of our city pastors is a most excellent singer. He has a sympathetic voice. He frequently supplements his sermons with a song, and the music is quite as efficient as the appeal. He visited a mad-house the other day, and was shown a cell in which a madman was confined. He was one of the most furious sort. He had to be chained to the floor to keep him from dashing his brains against the sides of his cell. It was as much as one's life was worth to approach him. He tore his clothes into ribbons, and his bed was a mass of rags. As the minister looked through the grating the prisoner made for him, and with such violence as to jerk himself back on to the floor. He rose foaming with rage. 'I'll kill you.' 'I'll beat your brains out.' 'Clear out.' Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing. The hymn he selected was, 'Our home in Heaven.' First the madman listened; then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain. First one arm relaxed and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled upon his bed of rags as quiet as a child. And when the hymn was ended he looked up, saying, 'More, more.' The preacher sang till his strength gave way, and when he left the madman seemed hushed in slumber. The keeper said he had no doubt but it would have been perfectly safe for the minister to have gone and sat down by his side in the cell. It was the old case of Saul and David."

The Russian Monks.

According to a recent statement, it appears that the monks in Russia enjoy a very comfortable position. There are, it seems, in Russia 9,000 monks and nuns, who are waited on by 16,000 lay brothers or sisters, as the case may be, who are really servants, although they wear the monastic habit instead of a livery. All the property of the monasteries was confiscated in 1764 by the Empress Catharine, who at the same time assigned to these establishments in compensation a money indemnity which amounts at the present day to about $300,000 per annum. She, however, took the precaution to make a regulation that no monastery should acquire any landed property without permission by a royal rescript. The monks have been none the worse for this act of spoliation. The piety of the Russian people has made them ample amends. The annual offerings to monasteries to which pilgrimages are made, and which nearly all contain relics or miraculous images, amount to no less than $7,500,000, and for the last hundred years the legacies in money alone have constituted a capital producing $6,000,000 annually. The result is that each individual monk has an annual income of $772 at his own disposal, and one-third of the revenue of a monastery belongs to the Superior; so that the poorest of the archimandrites have from $150 to $7,500 per annum. There are others who have as much as $22,500. The monks, moreover, engage in trade, lend money, and indulge in speculations.

The Feet and Health.

Of all parts of the body there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every person is aware from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from the same are attributed to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the "wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be easily checked in them. You see all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be-genteel-footed cramp their feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. Now this is very wrong. In cold weather, boots of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, and large enough to give free circulation to the blood in the feet, should be worn by all. They should be water-tight and warm, but not air-tight. It injures the feet to wear an air-tight cover over them. India rubber shoes or boots should not be worn except in wet and slushy weather, and then taken off as soon as the exposure to it is over. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering which entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid ges from the pores of the skin. There is one great evil against which every person should be on his guard—we mean the changing of warm for cold boots or shoes. It is a dangerous practice.

His Cucumbers.

A prisoner in the Miasouri penitentiary, too weak to work, and who had the run of the yard, one day asked the Warden if he could be allowed to cultivate a small corner of the enclosure. "What do you want to raise?" "Cucumbers, sir." "Why, you can't raise them here, the other prisoners would steal them." "No, sir," said the man firmly; "they will not steal one of them." "Well, go ahead," said the Warden, "if any of your cucumbers are stolen, don't come to me with your complaints." "You will never hear from me on that score, sir." The cucumbers were planted, watered, trained and cultivated, and an immense crop was the result. As fast, however, as the fruit ripened, it disappeared, and the Warden became convinced that the owner sold it for liquor, produce, or some other contraband article. He directed the man to be watched, and finally he was detected in the act of carrying his cucumbers to the hospital and giving them to the poor fellows who, in their sickness, craved them. Not one had been stolen.

Kentucky has finally abolished the whipping of criminals. The last man to be lashed was a cripple, who hobbled to the post in Lexington on crutches.

The Kentucky Senate wouldn't vote against accepting free railroad passes.

How to Quote Sterling Exchange.

Some new method for quoting exchange on London must be adopted on the first of the new year, as the act of Congress is imperative. Heretofore, all attempts to overturn the system have utterly failed. Habits of any kind are harder to change than were the edicts of the Medes and Persians. The old way of competing values of produce in our markets by shillings has continued to this day, although the shilling coin has long since gone out of circulation; and hay is sold on all the stands at so many shillings to the hundred. Any attempt to fix the price in federal currency would be as unintelligible to a Long Island or Westchester farmer as if stated in Francs or German thalers.

There could not be well devised a mere awkward method of reckoning sterling exchange than the one so long in vogue in the United States. There was a time, a century ago, when 4s. 5d. sterling (54 pence) was the equivalent of a silver dollar. This would make a pound sterling equal to $4 44 4-9 of federal currency. Ever since that date the nominal value of the British sovereign has been kept at these figures, and the rate of exchange made up by adding a premium to that assumed value. Thus, if exchange was actually in our favor, and bills on London were selling in this city at a discount, the price might seem to be greatly above par, and thus be very confusing to ordinary observers not conversant with the mysteries of the calculation. The actual par in the old style of computation is about 109½. That is if we multiply $4 44 4-9 by 1.09¼, we have $4 86.6 which would cover the bill in British gold. To ordinary minds, however, exchange on London at 109½ gives the impression of a price 9½ per cent. above par, and many who are theoretically acquainted with the system could not realize when sales were made by shippers during the late panic at 106 to 107 that the rate was so far below par it took away all chance of profit on the shipment against which the exchange was made.

We have often referred to an attempt made a quarter of a century ago by ourselves and all the leading bankers here to rectify this matter, and to quote the pound at its selling equivalent in dollars and cents. There was no pecuniary profit to be gained by the change; it commended itself to the public solely as a matter of sentiment; and it was attended with some present inconvenience. In short, the inveterate habit was too strong for the argument, and in a few days everybody reverted to the old method.

Congress has now taken the matter in hand. The value of the pound sterling was fixed by act of March 3, 1873, for all official reckonings, at $4.86 6½, and it was enacted that "all contracts made after the first day of January, 1874, based on an assumed par of exchange with Great Britain of fifty-four pence to the dollar, or $4 44 4-9 to the sovereign or pound sterling, shall be null and void." The reason for Congressional interference was undoubtedly the effect of the old method upon foreign quotations for American securities. The price named every day in the London market referred always to the assumed, and not to the actual, equivalent of the dollar. Thus, 92 quoted there for five-twenties bears the same relation to the actual price of the security that $4 44 4-9 does to the actual value of the sovereign. As we must add about nine and one-half per cent. premium to $4 44 4-9 to bring it up to $4 86. 6½, the value of the sovereign, so nine and one-half per cent. added to 92 would show that the quotation, although seeming to be at a discount of eight per cent., is really above par. American federal money securities, therefore, quoted at 92 in London, are equal to British consols quoted at 100½, and it was to rectify this that the act was passed. As a question of Constitutional right we do not believe that Congress can void a contract between individuals because it was made at a reckoning of fifty-four pence to the dollar. But the change is in itself very desirable, and no one will presume to test that right, we suppose, in the courts.

It will be seen that the law does not prescribe how exchange shall be quoted. It simply forbids (by voiding the contract) all computations by the old method. There are two methods for selection as a substitute for that which is to be abandoned. One is to take the given value of the sovereign ($4 86.6½), and to give the rate upon this as a basis. If this were adopted, "Exchange on London 100½" would mean the half of one per cent. premium on $4 86.6½, or about $4 89 for the pound. But the fraction would prove awkward and troublesome, especially when exchange fluctuated just about the par, now above and now below, since the discounts would be given as 99½, 99¼, &c., and much confusion arise if the fractions only were quoted.

There is evidently no better way than to go back to the reform attempted twenty-five years ago, and to quote the offered sale of so many pounds at the actual equivalent proposed in dollars and cents. A customer applies to a banker for one thousand pounds on London. The banker asks him $4 87 for the bill. That means that he must pay here the banker his check for $4 87, and receive the banker's draft on London for £1,000. This is plain, sailing, and a child can easily reckon it. All mystery on this subject and all confusion will then be evermore at an end.

We hope that the bankers will meet and agree upon this method, and arrange for its adoption on the first of January, when the Act of Congress applies to the subject, so that all may inaugurate the one system together, and a uniform practice that shall be intelligible to all prevail thenceforth throughout the country.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Carbolic Acid Not a Disinfectant.

The Southern cities that have suffered from yellow fever, or been threatened with it, this fall, have, of course, resorted to a profuse use of disinfectants. Principal among those used has been carbolic acid, which, according to popular consent, is the most effective of all the remedies against infection. Prof. Cochran, of the Alabama Medical College, condemns it as being conducive to the spread of disease rather than its suppression, and says, after watching the effects of its use in the hospitals of Mobile and New Orleans: Not only do the facts and examples adduced in proof fail to establish the efficacy of carbolic acid as a prophylactic against yellow fever, but without any violence, and without any sophistical interpretation, they go very far toward the establisnment of the suspicion that its influence has been the very reverse of prophylactic; that if it has not contributed to the extension of the disease, it has at least added to its malignity and increased the mortality to a fearful ratio. The experiment has been made, and it has failed.

Carving for his Dinner.

The Boston *Transcript* relates the following anecdote of an old-time New England stage-house: "At one of them, day after day, a stranger, apparently a guest, was politely asked by the landlord if he would be good enough for that day to carve the dish before him. Uniformly the well-dressed stranger gracefully complied and as gracefully carved the contents of the platter. Some overinquisitive person, for there were such even in those famous old times, at last observed that day by day the same dish appeared in the same spot, that the same person occupied the same place at table, and the same polite request was in the same tone preferred and complied with. The well-dressed guest was a neighboring tailor who was famous as a carver, perhaps from practice on the goose, and who got his dinner for his services."

A correspondent of the Waterloo *Observer* tells a story of a man who went to a new town in the West. When he arrived with his wife the town was building a hotel. She being the first woman here the town stopped work, gave three cheers, and engaged her on the spot to mend their clothing for $2 a day.

The things which try people show what is in them.

Stories of Virginius Survivors.

Many of the circumstances of the capture of the Virginius and the imprisonment of those taken on board which the prisoners brought by the Juniata have related to the New York *Tribune* reporters are of considerable interest. Samuel Gray, a carpenter, of Harrisburg, Penn., is one of the most intelligent of the prisoners. He barely escaped the fate of his more unfortunate friends. He was sent to the "chapel" twice, each time being told that he was to be shot, but was afterwards remanded to the place of imprisonment, much to his own surprise and to the amazement of all the prisoners, who had twice bidden him what they supposed to be a last farewell. At Santiago he was in the hospital for a considerable time before the departure of the Juniata, when he was taken on board. The treatment of himself and the other prisoners in the hospital seems to have been more considerate than would be expected from people who had shown themselves so bitter and cruel.

They received proper medical attendance, good nursing, such nutriment as their condition required, together with comfortable quarters. It is doubtful if the Spaniards themselves in the hospitals receive better attention. It is said that Gray's real name is Gratz, but during his connection with Cuban affairs he has uniformly been known by the former name, and is called Gray in the list of prisoners. Mr. Gray himself attributes his safety to the good will of an Englishman who is an officer in the Spanish army; while it is thought by certain persons familiar with all the circumstances that his Masonic relations served him at the last moment, when every expedient had been tried. Mr. Gray acknowledges that some things were thrown overboard from the Virginius during the chase by the Tornado, but claims to have no personal knowledge of what kind of property or what amount of it was disposed of in that way.

Another instance of good fortune is the case of a fireman named King, who is an Englishman by birth. He could not speak a word of Spanish, and was unable to give any account of himself to the Spanish authorities. When the 37 who were shot together were taken out for execution, King was also taken, but when the names of the condemned were called, his was not among them, and he returned to the boat overcome with delight at his narrow escape. He had witnessed the terrible slaughter, and had himself expected immediate death, when the joyful word was given that he should live. One of the cases that had excited especial interest among the officers of the Juniata, is that of Edward Scott, an American boy 16 years of age. His home is in Salem, N. J., and his father is superintendent of the gas works in that place. Some months ago young Scott, like many country boys, became tired of the dull life at home, and excited by the wonderful stories of the outside world, came to New York without the knowledge of his parents. He was accompanied by several young friends, and made up his mind to go to sea.

The Atlas was about to sail from New York, and he was given a chance to go as lamp-trimmer upon the vessel, which was bound to Costa Rica. This opportunity he gladly accepted. On board he fell sick and was left at Jamaica, but after a week or so recovered, and went on the Virginius at Kingston, without knowing or thinking anything about the character of the vessel. When taken prisoner with the rest by the Tornado, he was among the few who were placed upon the small gunboats. Of the five who were with him upon one of these vessels, three were taken to make up the wretched thirty-seven who were shot together. His was remarkable good fortune in escaping death, since many of those who made up the doomed band were taken indiscriminately from the whole number. Some of the officers of the Juniata being pleased with his appearance and interested in his story, took him into the cabin on the passage from Santiago, and he is now in good spirits and rejoiced to return to his friends after so severe an experience. The foregoing is his story very much as he has given it to several of the officers of the Juniata.

Philip Metzler, a native of Charleston, S. C., and a cigar-maker by trade, gives a somewhat confused account of the boarding of the Virginius by the Tornado. He was evidently much frightened, as were many of the passengers and crew, and the result proved that they had good cause to be. Capt. Fry handed the papers of the Virginius to the Spanish officer, who took them with expressions of the utmost contempt, crushing them in his hand and declaring that he cared nothing for the papers since the vessel was in his power which he had been searching after for weeks. The American flag was immediately hauled down and all on board ordered to the other vessel. The statement of Mr. Metzler as well as others of the passengers indicates that the Virginius would have been able to escape from the Tornado but for her wretched condition at the time, as she had a bad leak and eight feet of water in her hold in the forward compartment. Ordinarily she could make 14 knots per hour, and at that rate could have left the Tornado out of sight in a short time. It is also said that when the Tornado finally overhauled the Virginius, after full eight hours' chase, flames were rolling up from the smokestack of the former, and had nearly burnt it out. The vessel could hardly have borne a much longer chase under such a strain.

The statements of nearly all the prisoners agree in disowning any knowledge of the purposes of the officers of the Virginius. They profess to have embarked as passengers, to have seen no arms on board, and to have seen little or nothing thrown overboard. Those on the Juniata certainly do not present a very warlike appearance, many of them being very young and diminutive in size, and without a very intelligent estimate of the undertaking which they entered upon. The fact that the Virginius was advertised to go into Port Limones and then sailed around among the islands of the West Indies, seemingly without any exact destination, appears not to have excited any curiosity among them as to her object, but on the contrary their statements exhibit an utter indifference to the course of the ship, or the intention of the officers. One point, however, is clear, namely, that the vessel put in or was about to put in at Port-au-Prince for repairs, when Captain Fry changed his mind, and turned her to the westward and back to Jamaica.

Brotherhood of Engineers.

The headquarters of the International Division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is located at Cleveland, Ohio. From the last report of the Grand Chief Engineer, Mr. C. Wilson, made at the Philadelphia meeting, we learn that the progress of the Order has been rapid for the past year. There are 172 divisions, with a total membership of 9,500; but since that time the additions will bring the aggregate up to 10,000. The total cash on hand October 1 was $29,803, exclusive of over $6,000 as the net income of the *Journal*, a periodical under the control of the G. C. E. There were 83 deaths during the past year, and $21,641 were dispensed to meet the wants of the families of the deceased.

The late railroad strike has brought the brotherhood prominently before the people, as the public is intimately concerned in the movements of the railroads. A correspondent had an interview with Mr. Wilson, in which he stated that the recent strike was not authorized, consented to, nor encouraged by the brotherhood in any particular. The rules did not justify it, nor did the Order sanction it. The brotherhood, at their headquarters, deny all knowledge of the strike in an official charactar.

A Troy girl whose parents would not let her marry him wrote a letter to a convent asking for a situation as a nun, had the letter intercepted by her mother, and a finale of white satin, lace, orage blossoms, and things followed as a matter of course.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

Winter again, and the land is once more wrapped in the same spotless mantle, locked in the same icy fetters, as it was that memorable winter so long ago when Eric and I had that fierce wild struggle "for dear life." At this season of the year the never quite dormant recollection revives, and I feel all the horror of that midnight scene rise and come back upon me, like a ghost from the confines of the past. It chills me with its dread presence, until, shivering in nerve and limb, I rise and draw nearer to the blazing hearth, heap on some more pine logs, and strive in the region of light and warmth to bid it defiance.

In vain. Through the whir of my spinning wheel comes the long-drawn moan of the wind, whilst without the snow falls as heavily as ever, adding desolation to the already drear and sombre landscape. Eric has gone to the fold-yard, as beseems a thrifty husbandman, to see after the well-being of our kine. Would that he were back to laugh off my fears, and exorcise the phantoms which rise thus unbidden from the days that are now no more. His hearty presence and joyous voice are in themselves as potent against distraught fancies as the "sprig of rowan" which the faithful wear for safeguard against witchcraft and the evil eye. Meanwhile, as I sit waiting with the supper ready, and all things bright and tidy, I must e'en yield to the spell of the place and hour, and listen to the tale suggested by the wandering fancies of old.

New Year's eve some thirty years ago—and we were keeping it right merrily at the old manor-house of Stor Aswan, the home of my childhood, as it had been that of my forefathers for many generations. The pleasantest spot in all the world, I thought, and still think, that quaint Norwegian homestead, with its buff walls and birch-bark roof, which succeeding summers had rendered verdant with an evergreen thatch of moss and lichens. Just now, however, this was not visible, for snow lay thickly upon it, as it had lain for weeks past, not only there, but upon all the country round. We were in the midst of a white sea, whose billows were the partially submerged hedges, that daily grew less noticeable as the snow drifted in and piled above them. The fir-trees alone stood forth bravely, as if defying this insidious foe, yet even their stately branches trailed earthwards, and their strong arms creaked and strained under the ever-increasing load.

It was the hardest winter there had been for fifty years—so the old folks said—and they foretold its continuance for some weeks longer. Other signs were not wanting which more plainly than aught else denoted the unusual severity of the season. The flocks of wild fowl, usually so shy and difficult of approach, came down from the upper meres, their accustomed haunts, and strove with the tame denizens of our own farm-yard for a share in their midday meal. Hares and rabbits, impelled by hunger, forgot their nature, and stole up to our very doors, begging with their large black eyes in a piteous dumb fashion for relief. Herds of reindeer also came south from Lapland, seeking more genial pastures; and it was rumored that less pleasant visitors had recently been seen and heard. The black pine forests of Salten had again sent forth the grim, blood-thirsty pack of legionaries who for ages had dwelt unmolested in its dark fastness, and the cry of "wolf" was no longer, as heretofore, an empty sound.

All this, however, did not affect any of our party, who were all Norsemen and maidens born, used to the cold, full of health and spirits. I, Ella Bieorn, daughter of the house, was the wildest of that mad circle who had assembled at Stor Aswan that Chrissmas-tide to do honor to my betrothal to Eric Jarl, the lover of my youth, ere long to be my husband. As soon as the birch-trees put forth their first green tassels in the early springtime, I was to leave my old home for a new one; so now, surrounded by kinstold and neighbors, we were keeping this last anniversary of my spinsterhood in goodly fashion. We revived many a bygone pastime, and the vast hall at Stor Aswan reechoed once again to the shouts that greeted the incoming of a mighty yule-log, and rang with joyous laughter at the tricks and antics of morris-dancers and mummers.

So, in dancing, feasting, and merry-making, the week sped, until a few hours more would see us all scattered in various directions, to meet again we knew not when or where. For the last day, therefore, we had reserved the chief pleasure, the crowning point of all our enjoyment—a sleighing and skating party to Stor Aswan, a mountain-encircled lake some ten miles further north, the same from which our homestead derived its quaint Runic name. This was to be our vail or greeting to the New Year—our welcome to the incoming guest.

Brightly dawned the eventful morning, clear and fair as heart could desire. Blue was the sky as a sapphire, whilst the freshly-fallen snow sparkled and shone as though strewn with living gems. All nature seemed rejoicing like ourselves at the advent of another year, and one already so full of promise. Without, the snow-bells tinkled and chimed merrily, making the frosty air ring again as the gaily-caparisoned horses pawed and shook their heads, impatient as their owners to be off. At length we started, Eric and I as hosts being the last of the party, for of course he was my charioteer. I well remember my father standing at the door to see us go, and as he tucked the bear-skin rug more closely around me, bidding us "return early, and beware of the Salten hounds." We laughed at the warning then, but had awful cause to remember it afterwards.

Of that day I shall not speak; we were all young and in wild spirits, and some of us in love. Need I say more? Amidst the many fair faces and lithe forms that glided so gracefully over the frozen mere, tireless through these long hours, I was the fairest. I, blue-eyed, golden-haired Ella Bieorn, was the acknowledged belle and queen of the party, and Eric, my lover, the most stalwart youth of the country-side. But all things, even the pleasantest, must come to an end. So when the shades of evening began to fall heavily, merging earth, sky, and water into one gray leaden cloud, we began our journey homewards. Tired out with my exertions, as soon as we started I nestled down amongst the soft furs in the sleigh, and, rocked by its easy motion, soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept, I knew not; but when I awoke it was snowing fast, and the darkness so intense that we could not see a hand's breadth before us. I called to Eric, who was driving, and asked if all was well. To which the answer came back, half deadened by the thick atmosphere, "All well, but for God's sake try to keep awake."

So I aroused myself and sat up, knowing that sleep in that bitter night air might mean death. Of any other fear I had no thought, for my driver was skillful whilst Thor and Odin, our two sturdy little mountain ponies, knew their way home almost unguided. Suddenly, as I listened vainly for the echo of our companions' bells, I heard another sound come up with the wind—a long-drawn hollow moan. Twice or thrice it came at intivals, this weird noise, each time nearer and more distinct. The third time the ponies also heard it, for they sprang forward with an impetus that almost shook me out of the carriage. Frightened, I said to Eric, "What, O, what is that?" And the answer came back short and stern, "The Salten hounds!"

Then began that terrible chase "for dear life" which, though we should both live for twice our allotted span, we never could forget. Swiftly we sped along, our steeds impelled by a terror as great as our own, until they appeared almost to fly. Breathlessly we harkened, hoping even yet to leave the enemy behind. But no; they traveled with us, gained upon us, nearer and yet nearer—their cry growing perceptibly from an uncertain vague voice of the darkness into the unmistakably wolf-like note. We knew from the direction from whence it came that they were tracking us by scent; so now our last poor chance lay in the darkness of the night and our nearness to Stor Aswan. Eric still held the reins, and I cowered down at the bottom of the sleigh and prayed more earnestly than I had ever yet done in my life "for an increase of the snow-drift, or aught, even a miracle, if it might only save us."

On, and on, for a time that seemed interminable, yet in truth might have been but a few moments. Then the storm ceased, the moon emerged from her shelter, and we saw half a mile in our rear a dark line coming swiftly and steadily down upon us. In the middle of a white plain, with no nook or corner visible wherein we could take refuge, and still nearly a league from home, our case looked hopeless enough. So our pursuers seemed to think, as they now caught sight of us for the first time, and lifting their black muzzles from the ground gave vent to a howl of savage exultation, I could have screamed too when I heard it, for fright was driving me half wild; it was so unutterably horrible to perish thus. But a glance at Eric, so calm and steadfast, gave me new courage. I felt that, come what might, we should at least die together.

Faster and faster we flew, like hunted animals, death behind us coming on apace. A few yards more and he would claim us for his own. Already I could hear the rapid breathing of our foes, see their fierce eyes and white teeth glittering and gleaming in the moonlight. Prompted by Eric, I threw out the bear-skin rug which protected me from the cold. For a moment they paused, smelt at it, then on with fresh fury after their old prey. One by one, cushions, wraps, all went over to the hungry pack, each gaining us an instant's priceless delay. As the last fell from my hand, the foremost wolf bounded forward, just missing my arm, whilst his strong, cruel jaws met with a painfully audible snap.

Then Eric turned and looked at me—a long, loving glance—and began knotting the reins to the iron side of the driving-seat. Instinctively divining his purpose of giving his life to save mine, I sprang forward, and clinging to him frantically, whispered:

"Dearest, remember, we stand or fall together."

A sudden thought, justified by our dire extremity, flashed through my brain—it was a best a forlorn hope. Quickly I bent over Eric, snatched the hunting-knife from his belt, and cut loose the nearest pony. With an almost human cry of pain the poor animal galloped off, with the ravenous pack after it. A few strides only and it was surrounded, overpowered, down; and the last sounds we heard ere the welcome lights of Stor Aswan came in sight were our baffled enemies growling and fighting over the remains of my gallant little steed. It was a cruel sacrifice; but necessity knows no law, and by it we were saved.

In years after, as we sat round the fire at New Year's Eve, with the storm beating wildly, as now, against the casement, and the wintry twilight closing in, our children would ask to hear, "once more," the oft-told tale of the "Salten hounds," or our flight "for dear life."

Rescued from Santiago.

The United States steamer Juniata has arrived with one hundred and two rescued prisoners—the survivors of those taken on the steamer Virginius. Some new light is cast upon the capture and the immediately related events by the men now brought hither. By their story the history of the massacre is somewhat redeemed from the confusion into which it was thrown by the several contradictory statements of the numbers of persons killed on the various days of the executions. It appears that in all fifty-three persons were shot—four at first, on November 4; thirty-seven on November 7 and twelve on November 8—and that the executions were only stopped by the arrival at Santiago of the British man-of-war Niobe. There is a further report that the thirty-seven who were killed on the 7th were at first to have been shot on the 8th, but that a change was made in the day in consequence of its becoming known that the British man-of-war would arrive on the 8th.

Statistics of Bengal.

The *Christian Union* says that a census of Bengal lately taken makes the population 67,000,000, instead of 40,000,000, as was estimated. In some districts there are 600 to the square mile. The number of Mohammedans is far in excess of popular estimate, which has counted them at about 25,000,000, while they are found to be 26,664,000. Of all who call themselves Hindoos in faith there are 42,674,000. The Buddhists are 85,000 in number, and the Christians 93,000. Of the aboriginals, included in neither of these classes, there are 2,351,000. It is stated that the Mohammedans, with their armies of missionaries, their theory that all faithful races are equal before God, and their practice of raising any convert at once to full social equality, are becoming so numerous that by the year 1900 they will be half the population, and ultimately will control the religious destiny of Bengal.

Will Wonders Never Cease!

When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure every form of disease not organic, the credulous shook their heads. Yet his VINEGAR BITTERS is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dispeptics regain their health; the Bilious and Constipated are relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recover; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are broken; the hereditary taint of Scrofula is eradicated! Skepticism is routed, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. We don't sell Rum under the guise of medicine. We advertise and sell a *pure medicine* which will stand analysis by any chemist in the country.—*Com.*

Matrimony.

All young men, and most young women have an interest in this subject, as it is a condition in life to which all look forward, and hope to attain at some future period, and if the young man has any prudence, he will not assume the responsibilitiss of married life until he can make some provision for the support of those dependent upon him, should he be called away by an early death. In the great majority of cases this provision can only be secured by means of a life insurance policy, that will cost but a small sum annually and yet provide all the security that can be desired. One of the most reliable of these companies is the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, through which life policies may be obtained or agencies secured by application to the home office, or to Jas. W. Iredell, Jr., Supt. of Agencies, No. 78 West 3d street, Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Com.*

A good and useful Christmas present to a gentleman or boy, will be a carton of Elmwood or Warwick collars, containing 100 collars. Any furnishing store can supply them.—*Com.*

LITTLE BEGINNINGS. — The steam which raises the lid off the kettle led a philosophic mind to utilize it for man's benefit. No one dreamed that we should now be dragged along by it at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When Perry Davis made a preparation for the medical use of his family, thirty years ago, neither he nor any other man imagined that it would now be sold in every land, and prove to be the PAIN-KILLER of the world.—[Com.

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF.—Warranted to relieve all Rheumatic Afflictions, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc. The best, the surest, and the quickest remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Relief guarranteed or the money refunded.—*Com.*

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT, COUGH OR old, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest Confidence in their efficacy. They maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.—[Com.

Wonderful cures by WISTAR'S BALSAM.—*Com.*

Let the People Speak.

MANHATTAN, Kan., April 8, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach else has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had occasion to extol one before.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

MRS. E. R. DAILS, Metropolis, Ill., writes, Jan. 9th, 1873.

Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

MARY ANN FISHER, Lehman, Pa., writes, May 29, 1873.

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."—[Com.

LIFE INSURED for a few dimes. The price of HALE'S HON